

THE CANT OF UNCONVENTIONALITY. By Lady Robert Cecil.

3309



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SEVENTH SERIES
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{ FROM BEGINNING
Vol. CULV.

CONTENTS

I. The Cant of Unconventionality. <i>By Lady Robert Cecil</i>	NATIONAL REVIEW 579
II. A Letter from a Portuguese Country House. <i>By Constance Leigh Clare</i>	CORNHILL MAGAZINE 390
III. The Return of the Emigrant. Chapter XIII. AN ADVENTURE OF FAITH. <i>By Lydia Miller Mackay. (To be continued)</i>	599
IV. The Anglican Church in America. <i>By Herbert W. Horwill</i>	
	NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER 605
Mimma Bella: In Memory of a Little Life. <i>By the late Eugene Lee-Hamilton</i>	FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW 616
VI. An Elephant Comedy. <i>By Albert Dorrington</i>	CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL 624
VII. An American Statesman.	NATION 629
VIII. The Censorship of Plays.	SPECTATOR 632
IX. On Public Speakers.	SATURDAY REVIEW 634
A PAGE OF VERSE	
X. Dapper George. <i>By Frank Taylor</i>	SPECTATOR 578
BOOKS AND AUTHORS 638	



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DAPPER GEORGE.

(1743.)

Dapper King George, he was round and red,
With a German tongue in his pig-tailed head;
But Dapper King George was a fighter grim
With some English blood at the heart of him,
And a man of wrath, and a man of his fists,
And a wrecker of orthodox strategists.

Oh, George the Second, he played the king,
As soon as the bullets began to sing;
You ought to have seen him at Dettingen,
You ought to have heard how he cheered his men;
When the judge is set, and the books are reckoned,
There's Dettingen down to King George the Second.

Forty-four thousand with Dapper George,
We were pinned like rats in a filthy gorge,
Jammed up in a gin, which the mountains made
With a broad-backed river too deep to wade,—
An army behind and an army before,
And the great, grinning guns on the further shore.

Oh, George the Second, he played the king, &c.

Forty-four thousand of hungry men,
We cursed and we swore in that Daniel's den;
And Dapper King George blasphemed with the worst,
And Dapper King George in the field was first,
When we wheeled into line in our scarlet coats,
And fell on like the fiend at the Frenchmen's throats.

Oh, George the Second, he played the king, &c.

He called us brothers, he called us sons,
He levelled the muskets, he laid the guns,

And he jeered and cheered and sweated and swore,
Till his charger ran from the cannon's roar;
Then he cursed such cattle for cowardly brutes,
And he led us afoot in his big jack-boots.

Oh, George the Second, he played the king, &c.

We shattered their prancing Musketeers,
We scattered their capering Carabiners;
We played the deuce with the pick of their Line,
And their Foot Guards rushed like the herd of swine
Plump into the river-mud, head over heels,
To sup on the weeds with the gudgeon and eels.

Oh, George the Second, he played the king, &c.

The Greys and the Royals took each a flag,
And four brass cannon we clapped in our bag;
And Dapper King George, having then and there
Dubbed Trooper Tom Browne and the Earl of Stair
Knights-Banneret both, like a King and a winner,
Sat down on the ground to a cold-mutton dinner.

Oh, George, the Second, he played the king,
As soon as the bullets began to sing;
You ought to have seen him at Dettingen,
You ought to have heard how he cheered his men;
When the judge is set, and the books are reckoned,
There's Dettingen down to King George the Second.

Frank Taylor.

The Spectator.

THE CANT OF UNCONVENTIONALITY.

The condition and prospects of English fiction at the present day have recently been placed before us in a pessimistic light by an anonymous writer in the *Edinburgh Review*.¹

According to this writer, the British novelist of late years has not been doing quite so well as he should—and in seeking the cause, the reviewer, before he has travelled very far, discovers that the root and source of mischief is none other than our ancient and respectable friend, the British Public. It is a serious charge. However, the critic sticks bravely to his depressing discovery, and indeed has solid reasons behind him, for he has seen, he tells us, no fewer than half a dozen promising writers succumb one after another to the British Convention which, in this island, overshadows the making of fiction. Catastrophes so lamentable might depress the most sanguine temperament, and it is therefore no wonder if the critic proceeds in gloomy fashion to discourse on the melancholy difference between insular and Continental standards; on the damning label affixed to originality; on British discouragement of free trade in ideas; and on the prohibitive tax laid by the Briton on home-made immorality. He shows how one author's understanding has been obscured by this British Convention; how it has led another to forsake a promising field of action for one less promising; how it has driven a third to place his scene of immorality on a foreign island; and how a fourth in the very act of escaping shows the restraining finger-prints of this Insular Convention. In short, he exhibits one book after another fatally injured, one reputation after another fatally undermined, by the malign influence of the British

Public with its "all-British" Convention, its imperviousness to new ideas, and its insular detestation of art.

Whatever the amount of truth behind this theory, it has two distinct merits on the face of it. Obviously it is consoling to the unsuccessful novelist, and it is also—one hopes—wholesomely admonitory to the British Public. To the latter, indeed, it should in one respect make a strong appeal, for it cannot be charged with excessive newness. The youngest member of the newest Bohemian club has it at his fingers' ends: it has been for a long time past the stock-in-trade of cultured journals written for the uncouth artistic, the habitual theme of writers in general, great and small.

The doctrine, indeed, is so far from being new that it may by now almost be called a truism, and yet one is sometimes inclined to ask—behind the truism, how much truth?

A novel has recently been published—*The Helpmate*, by Miss May Sinclair—which appears to fall exactly into the category of those works in which the *Edinburgh Reviewer* traces most clearly the blight of the Convention. It is a novel, that is to say—written by an author whose performance, brilliant though it be, falls in some respects short of its promise—a novel which, though abounding in cleverness, must for various reasons be held to have missed a success very nearly attained, must on the whole be regarded as a brilliant failure.

I have been tempted to examine this failure—if so it be—in the light of the British Convention.

The restraining finger-prints of the British Convention are not very conspicuous in Miss Sinclair's choice of subject, and in itself this subject has marked possibilities.

¹ *The Living Age*, Sept. 21, 1907.

You take some conventional religiously bred young woman, of a mighty unpliant understanding; you mate her with an amiable, casual-minded worldling; you reveal in the honeymoon an ugly episode in the man's past, a hitherto unsuspected black feather in the angel's wing, which, rightly or wrongly, wholly alters the woman's estimate of her lover's character; you plant the newly married couple in a small commercial town still agog with the scandal of the husband's doings; you introduce the highly fastidious wife to the more or less "queer" friends with whom her husband is on intimate terms, to whom indeed he is intimately bound; you bring her in close social contact with the unsavory heroine of the "infamous" episode; you let the husband at each domestic crisis apply "an admirable levity" to all that his prosaic wife holds sacred; and obviously you have here a fair field for comedy, tragedy, social satire—what you will—a field in which the writer, with her brilliant qualities of humor and observation, might surely have counted on success.

The writer has not been satisfied with her opportunity; the story, she seems to have decided, must embody some moral truth. "British Convention?" cries the *Edinburgh Review* critic triumphantly. Well, we shall see.

Miss Sinclair's "moral" in one aspect is nothing very new; clothed in dramatic form, we recognize our old friends "the wickedness of the good" and "the goodness of the wicked."

We are shown in Anne Majendie, the Pharisaical heroine of the book, the moral mischief that may be wrought by a self-righteous woman determined to sacrifice her own happiness and the happiness of those she loves on the altar of religious duty as it presents itself to her narrow comprehension. We are shown her stupidity, her uncharity, her obstinacy; her morbid subordination

of the human to the spiritual, her repellent inability to forgive or forget; we see plainly—indeed, from an artistic point of view only too plainly—wherein lies the wickedness of the "good" wife. For all the physical attractions with which the author has endowed her female Pharisee, the rigid, frigid creature remains an unlovely—worse, a slightly incredible—figure.

If "good" Mrs. Majendie is a trifle too obvious to satisfy the artistic ideal, no such complaint can be made of "bad" Mr. Walter Majendie. Mr. Walter Majendie has a chameleonic personality, and to describe it with accuracy and completeness is an intricate task. Let us study his character first as it strikes those who know him best.

To his invalid sister he is an angel of goodness. True, he had not always been precisely a saint: there was, for instance, the unfortunate Lady Cayley episode; but that, rightly understood, was only a part of his goodness—he had to lift her—oh! he was a martyr; and anyhow that is past. He really is angelic now, and if Anne thinks he needs an introduction to his Maker, to the circles of the spiritual *élite*, why, Walter "is in it as much as she."

Next comes the testimony of Lawson Hannay, Walter's most intimate friend. "Bayard," says Hannay with solemn enthusiasm, "*chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*, a saint, the best man, the most particular man I've ever known."

Then there is the author, unwearied in her efforts to show the spiritual beauties in this worldling with the heart of a boy—his superior moral force, his unselfishness, his pathos: you should see Walter sorrowfully preoccupied with a broken hyacinth, and the something heartrending in the expression of that intent, innocent back, so unconscious of its pathetic curve; you must not miss the engaging innocence that is the habitual expression of his face, nor his impenetrable peace, nor

his inimitable protective chivalry, nor the significance of that carelessness, that happiness of his. You must comprehend that his detestable experience had had no power to harm his soul: through it all he had preserved, or by some miracle of God recovered, an incorruptible innocence.

Finally there is the wife, regenerate at last, recognizing the "sanctities and charities" and unspeakable tendernesses, holy and half spiritual things in him that she had shut her eyes to. She sees at last the halo she had previously ignored; she sees his patience, his forbearance, and she knows that there is no limit to his chivalry, his charity.

Here then is a character at once to love and admire—goodness without severity, saintship combined with a warm humanity: the world, one thinks, would be better if it contained many such.

This is Mr. Walter Majendie's official character; let us see it translated into speech and action.

We turn to the first pages of the book, the most brilliant of many brilliant pages, and at once find ourselves confronted with a puzzle which only deepens as the book proceeds. It is the third day of the honeymoon, and strait-laced Anne has already stumbled upon the serpent in her Eden. The happiness of the young couple hangs in the balance. Listen to the loving husband's efforts to soothe his bride:

Up to now he had been profoundly unhappy and ashamed, but something in the unconquerable obstinacy of her attitude appealed to the devil that lived in him, a devil of untimely and disastrous humor. *The right thing, he felt, was not to appear as angry as he was [how admirable this!].* He sat up on his pillow and began to talk to her with genial informality. "See here, I suppose you want an explanation. But don't you think we'd better wait until we're up? Up and dressed, I

mean? I can't talk seriously before I've had a bath and—and brushed my hair. You see, you've taken rather an unfair advantage of me by getting out of bed. (He paused for an answer, and still no answer came.) Don't imagine I'm ignobly lying down all this time wrapped in a blanket. I'm sitting on my pillow. I know there's any amount to be said. But how do you suppose I'm going to say it, if I've got to stay here, all curled up like a blessed Buddha, and you're planted away over there like a monument of all the Christian virtues."

She shivered. To her mind his flippancy, appalling in the circumstances, sufficiently revealed the man he was.

Without going quite so far, one may say it sufficiently revealed what Walter was not. Whatever else it may be, this is not the language of an ardent lover. Remove by ever so little the context, and who will not take this to be the speech of a seasoned husband of commerce extricating himself for the fiftieth time from some vulgar conjugal scrape?

This is the first puzzle. We proceed further. The man of sanctities and charities, holy and half spiritual things has risen to the very heights of his moral nature. He has presented his wife with a solemn symbolic peace-offering—a silver crucifix of old exquisite craftsmanship.

He was aware that his fate somehow hung on her acceptance, and he waited in silence, *lest a word should destroy the love in her. . . .*

"Do you realize that you are giving me a very sacred thing?"

"I do."

"And that I can't treat it as an ordinary present?"

He lowered his eyelids. "I didn't think you'd want to wear it in your hair, dear."

If any one needs further evidence of Walter Majendie's fine tact and spiritual understanding, let him accompany Mr. and Mrs. Majendie to church,

where the husband with urbane profanities will assist his wife at her Lenten prayers; let him listen to Mr. Majendie's delicate banter on the subject of Passion Week, and let him note the sympathy which bears so patiently with the wife's mystical ardors. Walter will not crush his wife's superstitious beliefs—oh no: he will humor them, he will pretend that they are two children playing at pilgrims bound for the heavenly city. When they leave St. Saviour's he will want to know if his wife has had "a nice game."

This is Walter Majendie dealing with the spiritualities. The author provides us next with an opportunity by which we can test his "inimitable, protective chivalry."

The scene is an "At Home" given by the Lawson Hannays, Walter's dearest and most intimate friends. The Majendie marriage is not yet many months old, and we witness the interesting conjunction of the young wife with Lady Cayley—otherwise "Toodles," the multiple heroine of the Divorce Court, unexpectedly resurrected from "abominations," from "Continental abysses."

There is an unwritten law providing for such contingencies, which men of the world who respect their woman-kind, and desire others to respect them, jealously observe. Majendie knows nothing of it. Accordingly—and surely it would have been a pity, for a few decent scruples, to miss the highly diverting scene—we have the spectacle of the newly married husband exchanging admirable and willing levities with his ex-mistress under the eyes of an outraged bride.

"Who," asked Toodles with emphasis, "is the lady who keeps making those awful eyes at us over Pussy's top-knot?"

"That lady," said Majendie, "as it happens, is my wife."

"Why didn't you tell me that before? That's what comes, you see, of not introducing people. I'll tell you one thing, Wainie. She's awfully handsome. But you always had good taste. . . . You might shut that window, there's a dear . . . and put my cup down . . . and help me on with my cape." . . . She rewarded him with a smile which seemed to him, if anything, more atrociously luminous than the last. "I must keep you up to the mark," said she as she turned with it. "Your wife's looking at you, and I feel responsible for your good behavior. Don't keep her waiting. Can't you see she wants to go?"

"And I want to go too," said he savagely.

And so when Lady Cayley has quite done with him he goes, as he had come, at her bidding, and so Lady Cayley tastes "the first delicious flavor of success."

Is it Bayard, *preux chevalier* and the rest, who emerges from this scene? or is it the kind of man one calls "a poor creature"? or is it quite simply and shortly a —? Well. Plain speaking is out of fashion. And there are standards and standards perhaps. One standard for a mere man of the world, and another standard—not so exacting—for an angel of goodness.

The conversation that follows this episode must throw more light on its hero. Anne has demanded—with so much unreason is angelic goodness sometimes compelled to dwell in this naughty world—that Walter should cease to visit certain houses where Lady Cayley will be much at home.

He stared at her in amazement. "My dear girl, you don't expect me to cut the Ransomes because she isn't brute enough to turn her sister out of doors?"

"I expect you to give up going to them and to the Hannays as long as Lady Cayley is in Scale. Promise me."

"I can't promise anything of the sort. Heaven knows how long she's going to stay."

"I ought not to have to explain that by countenancing her you insult me. You should see it for yourself."

"I can't see it. In the first place, with all due regard to you, I don't insult you by countenancing her, as you call it. In the second place, I don't countenance her by going into other people's houses. If I went into her house you might complain. She hasn't got a house, poor lady."

We note with some surprise the *with all due regard to you*, a conjugal tenderness picked up no doubt in the law courts, and pass on to the object of Mr. Majendie's pity. The author has thrown no gloss over this "poor lady." She is a thing you may buy, as you buy a new horse, a new lot of wine—a thing you pay to go, as you pay a street organ when it offends you. Lady Cayley costs more, that is all. She has cost more, indeed, to get rid of than Walter Majendie was able to pay. Kind and vulgar Mr. Lawson Hannay it was who stepped in and paid the lady to go, and then cancelled the debt that his dearest friend might be free to marry—to marry Anne. Neither Walter nor his saintly sister had thought fit to inform Anne, before or after marriage, of the trifling circumstance.

It would be easy to cull further instructive examples from this fine flower of the new chivalry: to show the humorous complacency with which Mr. Majendie periodically drives his wife from her house that he may entertain at dinner that engaging prodigal, Mr. Gorst; to show the moral superiority with which Mr. Majendie draws the line at a certain point in Mr. Gorst's career, though why he drew the line at this particular point it would pass the wit of any but the novelist to explain; to quote from the exquisite scene in which the poor husband, exasperated by the hardness of his wife, treats her to an impassioned eulogy of the virtues and perfections of his mistress—but I spare myself and some possible reader.

I think we have had enough of Mr. Walter Majendie.

One can but agree with the author's reviewer in the *Tribune*, the only one of her critics, it seems, who has ventured to look at the *Emperor's New Clothes* through his own eyes: "If Miss Sinclair is a little hard on the good woman, she is yet harder in her conception of man."

Nor do I propose to follow the dreary course of Respectability's road to ruin. It will be sufficient to remark that each stage carries its own appropriate lesson, and then we may turn to the happy close of the story and to its edifying moral delicately set forth in the homily uttered by Mr. Lawson Hannay, he who has once been "queer" not so much in business as in pleasure.

Miss Sinclair's reviewer in the Literary Supplement of the *Times* dismisses this sermon shortly as an exposition of "shining good sense." I have the greatest possible respect for the *Times* reviewers, and I should be very glad indeed to follow the high example before me and leave the matter here, with a simple intimation that the British public will find in chapter xxxix. of *The Helpmate* "some shining good sense."

It is not quite clear whether the author, who is nothing if not didactic, means us to regard Mr. Lawson Hannay as a saint or as a sinner. He has at all events been a conscientious defaulter in respect of the Seventh Commandment, and as that, one gathers, is the first essential of saintship, I will take the liberty of giving him his due. Saint Lawson Hannay then sits down with the penitent respectable wife, and gently expounds to her the faith that is in him.

"What beats you is how a man may love his wife with his whole heart and soul, and yet be unfaithful to her. . . . You think it's something awful and iniquitous, something incomprehensible

... it's as simple as hunger and thirst." So Mr. Lawson Hannay, with shining good sense.

"All true works of art teach something," as our *Times* reviewer justly remarks; and though some may doubt the claim of *The Helpmate* to be a true work of art, no one can doubt that it teaches something, no candid person can doubt what that something is. All the author's spokesmen and spokes-women teach it.

Saint Edith Majendie (she belongs to the old order of saints) teaches it, cheerfully admitting that because she is an invalid her lover must have understudies; Saint Walter Majendie teaches it, instructing his wife how well an "irregularity" may cement a marriage—"and he cared more for her, that man, after having left her than he did before. In its way it was a sort of test." Saint Sarah Cayley—why deny her the title to which she has so conspicuously proved her claim?—teaches it when she shows how Walter has only broken one of his marriage vows, and 'twas but a little one. Saint Lawson Hannay teaches it, as we have already heard, with shining good sense. The author teaches it, leading us up the shining slopes of good sense until we reach the heights and can breathe the rarefied air of religion and drink in the pure doctrine of redemption by sin: "There she [Anne] paused trembling. It was a great and terrible mystery that the sin of his body should be the saving of her soul."

Great and terrible indeed! We also pause and tremble. It must be looked into one moment, this great and terrible mystery. Adultery with a little shop-girl—this is the redeeming agent. How divinely simple the means! How great the end! the saving of a righteous, an over-righteous, woman's soul. "Anne was ashamed when she thought of the price that had been paid for her soul." Who that considers the price

but must respect her feeling. Her husband, the author gives you to understand, could not very well help himself: "when you are thirsty you drink." But the drink was expensive. Very clearly the writer shows the sort of price that is paid for such a drink. She is a pathetic, helpless creature, this shop-girl who passes from the hands of Mr. Gorst, Edith Majendie's lover, into the hands of Anne Majendie's husband. Weak, loving, domestic, a born wife and a mother of children diverted by fate from her natural course, the girl pleases herself in her long lonely days by embroidering a little frock for the child of her lover's wife. With pride the woman—she who is allowed no child—gives the delicate white dress to her lover for the child of his marriage. He takes it, but for the world he would not allow the thing to come near his child. It is, he feels, unclean, woven with poison—a garment spotted with sin. One day his child will find the ill-omened frock and wear it, and her father will turn pale. One day the mother of the child—knowing all—will burn the frock to ashes. And what of the maker of poisoned garments and the instrument of salvation? Oh well, in herself she is of no great importance. She must be left in the end as such as she are left. She is a poor-spirited little thing, unwilling to live, afraid to die. You will see her trying to drown herself, trying not to drown. And in the background you will perceive a humble person, one who shows a disposition to take damaged goods on his hands. Steve of the dirty hands—that way no doubt dainty Maggle's redemption lies. But you are not to consider her fate too curiously. After all, she belongs, or one day she may belong, to that third order of beings who do not count. For in the world we are considering there are, you must understand, three classes of human beings, men, women, and bad

women; and the last don't count, unless as instruments of salvation. No, you need not waste sympathy on Maggie Forest; you are to concentrate your emotions on the touching reconciliation of the husband and wife, united at last on a firm basis of spirituality having its roots deep down in the animal nature, for "There is no spirituality worthy of the name that has not been proved in the House of Flesh." "A beautiful ending," says an appreciative reviewer, "to a singularly impressive and sincere story."

It would be absurd to deny the cleverness of this work—its technical skill, its wit, its brilliance, as it would be disingenuous to ignore the structural weakness, the insincerities which undermine it. Precisely in proportion to its ability, the book suffers under the moral exigencies of its author. For in books, as much perhaps as in life, characters having a certain degree of vitality rebel against the moral dragon. In this book at all events every reader must feel the awkwardness with which the human beings adjust themselves to their creator's didactic plan—must feel indeed that an adjustment is only secured at the expense of exceptional psychology (Anne Majendie's abnormal mediæval ascetism is a main pillar of the scheme) and of a host of minor inconsistencies.

"The sooner it is recognized that truth has nothing to do with art, and that a beautiful work of art may be one colossal lie, the sooner will the errors and heresies of criticism pass," writes a well-known author.

I will not adventure myself into these exalted spheres, but it is safe to surmise that a work of fiction based on insincerity is not likely to endure, and to prophesy that *The Helpmate* will experience the common fate of brilliant failures in art—a short life.

The British Convention, no doubt the pessimistic Edinburgh Reviewer would

say, is responsible for this brilliant failure as for many brilliant failures in the past. The critic of the *Times* actually does say so. At the door of the British public, he opines, must be laid the main flaw in a true work of art.

Many severe things have been said of the British public, but, to do the master justice, it has so far shown no violent hankering after subtle sophistry or uncomfortable paradox. On the contrary, it has been credited, rightly perhaps, with an excessive prejudice in favor of the obvious, the familiar, the accepted point of view. I think, on the whole, we may give the British Convention its due, and acquit it of having inspired a "shining good sense" which teaches the fidelity of infidelity and the innocence of unchastity; and I think we may acquit it of having inspired the esoteric doctrine of spiritual redemption by way of fleshly sin. I think we should be doing Miss Sinclair an injustice if we accuse her of having arranged the moral atmosphere of her book precisely to meet the British Convention.

But the British Convention is not the only Convention going about as a roaring lion in this poor country. There is for instance a flourishing Convention in existence which this book and many similar books may well have been written to meet. And the more so as this Convention, unlike its half-articulate British cousin, speaks in a loud and unmistakable voice.

We have long been familiar with this voice warning all who write of the perils awaiting authors unfortunately placed on this western island. "Insularity is your danger," cries this voice; "you are every one of you deeply tainted with the native curse of insularity. Get away from your island, for the nearer to your island the farther from art. Don't write for the English, for the English do not care for literature; don't give them what they like,

for they do not know what is beautiful. They care neither for art, nor for literature, nor for ideas; and moreover, they have a very *bourgeois* habit of blushing.

"Don't tell us mere stories; stories are so obvious, they are fit only for children, for islanders; besides, all the stories have already been told. No, dear young authors: leave your stories, your chronicling, your romance, your humble observation of life, and give us ideas. Ideas are what English literature needs. If you have no original ideas, give us second-hand ideas, stale discarded ideas even; dressed in your own new terms, they will look almost as good as new; they will be ideas of a sort, and you will have escaped one of the island pitfalls. Then let me recommend you to take a few hints from the Continent, and when I say the Continent, you will understand me to mean France, or still more accurately, Paris. Take a few hints from Paris, then. I have already mentioned the insular vice of blushing. Wage war on it. Wage unceasing war against that island dragon, British Convention. Give him a thumping blow, give a good shock to his sensibilities. Find some disagreeable subject and probe it to the core. Dispute some moral or social law. Art is essentially non-moral. Prove that you realize this. Be bold, be daring, be unconventional—above all, be Continental. Don't let the proud Continental say that you write 'only for home consumption.'"

To some such effect preaches the voice, in up-to-date dailies, in cultured weeklies, in learned quarterlies, and so we get the convention of unconventionality.

Can any one deny that it is largely obeyed? And obeyed, as conventions mostly are, with more docility than intelligence.

The doctrine of the Convention, in truth, is not always so clearly ex-

pounded as it might be. There is a vast amount of dogmatic assertion to a very little argument. And it is therefore no great marvel if some of the disciples become confused in their ideas, and, having embraced the true faith that art has nothing to do with morality, proceed to fall into the heresy that art, for some dim reason or other, is intimately connected with immorality.

Now for the purposes of modern fiction there are very few moral or social laws worth tilting at. You cannot write a work of art about failing to observe a day of rest; you cannot, since you are not Shakespeare, write a tragedy about filial ingratitude; you cannot write a novel about picking and stealing (Mr. de Morgan could, and we should all read it); murder is too exceptional, and slander too much a matter of course; practically for the unconventional minor novelist there is only one moral law worth breaking; hence, since true art requires some moral breach, we get the dreary treadmill procession round about the Seventh Commandment.

It is not altogether edifying, this spectacle of the novelist with artistic ideals painfully conforming to the Continental Convention, or rather—for it must be admitted the critic is justified in tracing the finger-prints of the British Convention even in the attempt to escape—painfully falling between two stools. The unconventional novelist is afraid to be English—it is terribly *bourgeois* to be English, and with all his efforts he cannot quite contrive to be French, or Italian, or Scandinavian, or Russian.

As to the rival merits of the British and Continental Conventions, I hazard no opinion, but one may perhaps be allowed to suggest that not the most artistic of us has the right wholly on his side. If the British Convention has imposed arbitrary restraints on English

fiction—as doubtless it has from the writing of *St. Ronan's Well* downwards—has modern French fiction suffered nothing from an undue deference to the taste of the Paris public?

However that may be, the English follower of the French Convention secures at least one solid advantage. He secures for his production a respectful, a more than respectful, hearing in the literary press.

If you write a novel dealing with English politics and grossly caricature the sentiments of your Radicals and Tories, the reviewer may treat you to a little good-humored banter; if you turn history upside down, he will reason with you learnedly; if you write on orthodox religion, he will argue with you at length; if you represent your peer wearing his coronet on week days, he will remind you that real life is not so picturesque; if you misquote a foreign language or mix your scientific terms, he will advise you to avoid these snares next time; but if you are wise and cunning, and have interwoven your presentment of life with some serious moral problem treated from an "unconventional" point of view, you achieve at once a position of greater freedom and less responsibility.

One thing you will do well to avoid. You will find it advisable not to mention spades. The wells you may poison a little, indeed you may poison them to any extent, so long as it be done quietly, decorously, in a decent twilight of well-chosen words; but spades are nasty, awkward things, better avoided. With this one exception borne in mind, you may enjoy a liberty accorded to the novelist in no other line.

The subject of your book may be commonplace; its construction weak, its action improbable; your characters freaks of psychology; your ideas threadbare; your paradox transparent; your philosophy exploded a thousand or so years before you were born—no

matter: the whole concoction, if it be well mixed with "emancipated" morality, will be gratefully swallowed by the humble reviewer with his mouth open and his eyes shut.

It may be that your "emancipated" morality is the very ground plan, the very stuff, of your book; in that case the reviewer will not examine your book at all, for to do this would involve the painful necessity of expressing an opinion on the ground plan of your book, and this again might bring on him the charge of having confused art and morality. To avoid so shameful a fate, he will give a mechanical description of the outer shell of your story, will rehearse a few of the more colorless of your propositions, and will hand on your book to the public as a true work of art.

His performance, it is true, will be a trifle dull and tame. But you are to consider that your reviewer cannot very well help himself.

Self-preservation is an instinct in us all. Art itself teaches a cultured person that the breath of respectability is death to his soul. Better dead than be called respectable, *bourgeois*, Philistine. The artistic person goes softly all his days in fear of respectability. He fears respectability as a timid boy fears being called a muff, as the middle-aged fear growing old.

For this reason your book, if you have observed the aforesaid conditions, will receive a free pass from the literary press. It will be sent forth to the world with respect, with admiration, with encouragement, with flattery, with evasive compliment, with anything but independent criticism.

Let any one who thinks this an exaggeration read *The Helpmate* (a book which, though above the average in ability, is very representative of its class) and the reviews which have discussed it, or I should rather say, have not discussed it, in the daily and

weekly press. I quote from a few of those before me:

With her new novel Miss Sinclair definitely challenges criticism as a master of her craft . . . here is a problem treated dramatically, and yet in such a way as to convey a universal truth. . . .

We are carried away by it and stirred by it as only true things can stir us . . . few books by women have presented a hero so wholesome and sane and fine, yet so essentially virile, humorous, and worldly in the best sense of the term. . . .

The book, which analyzes with equal skill and purity the complex spiritual struggle between a woman . . . and her husband . . . is one that will do considerable good, for the high seriousness it breathes will secure its acceptance among the large majority who form conventional judgments. . . .

A very remarkable novel, which . . . raises its author to a place very little below the first rank of living novelists. . . . All true works of art teach something . . . the lesson of *The Helpmate* is that we must have more charity. . . .

A beautiful and moving story, showing a wide and tolerant outlook. . . .

Very surely Miss Sinclair must have made her reputation by this book if it had not been already won. . . .

and so on and so on, with the vague, high-sounding praise bestowed on books reviewed in order to be praised.

Now I will venture to say that this book, for all its cleverness, does not deserve the high praise it has received nor the kind of praise it has received. And I strongly suspect that most of the reviewers in the leading newspapers know that it does not. I seem to trace in all these reviews the restraining finger-prints of a Convention—not the British Convention. Here and there a bold spirit dares to find the story dull, improbable, irritating—but I observe in almost all these reviews a curious coincidence: the reviewers concentrate on the very dull and not a little improbable figure of the respectable wife, whilst her far more interesting and

more lifelike husband is left severely alone, save for a few approving allusions that might have been dictated by the novelist: "dignified indulgence," "loving mildness," "unfailing tenderness," and the like.

A young lady fresh from school might be taken in by Miss Sinclair's deft manipulation of psychology, fact, and sentiment, but no grown person with any knowledge of life can read chapter xii. and the chapter which follows it without recognizing, if he has not from the first perceived it, what manner of man Walter Majendie is. To call him an unspeakable "bounder" is putting it kindly. No reasonable person, moreover, can fail to perceive that the apple of discord in the Majendie marriage is not the man's moral fault in the past, but his unspeakable "bounding" in the present. The fact need in no way interfere with the interest of the novel. If a fastidious woman chooses to marry a "bounder," the result is sure to be interesting—to the onlooker. It is, fortunately, quite possible for a novelist's readers to take an interest—even an affectionate interest—in unspeakable "bounders." If it is necessary to go further and to present the history of a cad, by all means let us have the history of a cad; but do not let us call our history of a bounder, or our history of a cad, the history of inimitable chivalry, of incorruptible innocence.

Miss Sinclair has made this very unfortunate attempt, with, so it seems to me, disastrous artistic results.

I will not insult Miss Sinclair's reviewers by suggesting that they have been mesmerized, like so many innocent school-girls, by a debonair worldling. Of course they have not been deceived by the specious humbug of the book; of course they see through the spiritual pretensions of Walter Majendie; of course they know that not all the Pharisaism of all the humor-

less wives in the world can make him other than he has proved himself to be, a good humored, shallow-hearted bounder, with a blunted moral sense.

But for no inducement would they admit it, for this invertebrate "bounding" husband is indissolubly connected with the great cause of non-morality, and to question any of the author's high claims on his behalf might bring on the devoted reviewer's head the terrible, the damning charge of respectability. Hence a conspiracy of silence, even a little complaisant acclamation—"dignified indulgence," "unfailing tenderness," &c.—and the superficial, essentially frivolous work goes forth as a miracle of deep understanding, of broad-minded, wide-eyed tolerance.

It is a serious thing to bring a charge of respectable leanings against any writer; nevertheless I venture to suggest that some of these broad-minded, tolerant reviewers would hesitate before they recommended to young men and women of their acquaintance some of the "lessons" of *The Helpmate* which they cheerfully pass on to the reading public as shining good sense, lessons of charity, tolerance, and what not. The public, perhaps a reviewer thinks, can take care of itself; in any case there are greater interests at stake than the intellectual condition of the British public. There is, for instance, the artistic reputation of the reviewer. It is almost a professional necessity to do a little Bohemian posturing in public, and after all the risk is slight, for works of art in this country are not taken very seriously, and in any case there is always Mamma at home to keep the girls straight, and that is the main thing.

The position is not very heroic, and perhaps a little too much has been put upon Mamma in this respect. Is it altogether wise to make her the exclusive and mildly despised custodian of certain virtues? Supposing that in-

conspicuous but essential part of the machine, the drag, gives way? Supposing Mamma is of opinion that the bottom of the deepest ditch is the best position for the coach, because the lower you are the more opportunities for rising? That would be quite in accordance with philosophies held up to admiration in the works of art that flourish in lending libraries. Mamma is said to be a great patronizer of these works of art. There are a number of new-old ideas of strange import parading our world to-day, in particular a base materialism clothed in terms presumably attractive to the feminine mind—spirituality, sanctity, human holiness, and the like.

Supposing Mamma—the unlikely sometimes happens—gets some of these old-new ideas into her-head? She may conceive the notion that she would like to put some of these beautiful new ideas into practice; to prove her spirituality through the house of flesh. Supposing Mamma—she is fond of good works—determines to sally forth and redeem her husband's soul by a short course of vice! Supposing she instructs her growing up daughters in the higher spirituality—the new altruism?

Sheer nonsense, it will be said! I think it is, but that it is so is in no way due to our cultured literary guides, who have been so brow-beaten by the preposterous cant that has grown up round about art and morality that there is no ethical nonsense so blatant, so maudlin, no moral humbug so transparent, but they will accept it without comment if it be presented by an "unconventional" writer possessing some gift of "style."

I respect the desire of a man to avoid respectability as I respect the desire of a woman to avoid last year's hat, but surely it is possible to pay too heavy an intellectual price for the privilege of being in the day's literary fashion?

A LETTER FROM A PORTUGUESE COUNTRY HOUSE.

January 1907.—I stand on my balcony this bright morning in mid-January, and look across the broad terrace, of which the roses will make such glory three months hence. Below it the ground falls steeply away, to sweep up again in fertile slopes, over whose richly red soil a green film is already creeping. Groups of olives make silver-gray clouds amid the corn of the writhen leafless vines, groves of orange trees throw long shadows westward, and here and there a sturdy median with its handsome coarse-ribbed foliage strikes a note of strong green against the gray lacework of almonds and peach, whose interwoven branches are still dreaming of the beauty to be born from them. Solitary and aloof, hanging forth listless leaves that seem to have robbed themselves of health and energy to lavish it in the atmosphere around, stand some half dozen eucalyptus, while two gigantic cedars make oases of shade impenetrable even to the brightest beams of noon tide sun. The crest of the steeply rising slopes, all one rich mosaic of Egyptian red and soft lavender grays, and many shaded greens, forms to the west a skyline spiked with *cheveaux de frise* of stone pines. Their straight and ruddy stems are like burnished copper pillars supporting a horizontal cloud of darkest blue. Suddenly the ridge sinks, and the vista thus opened reveals a glimpse of the white houses of Buarcos, daintily set against the blue mist that is the Atlantic. Melting into the turquoise haze above, it is impossible to say where ocean ends and sky begins, but for the diamond sparkle that radiates through the gauze of atmosphere and distance.

When the eye roves south across a billowy foreground of pine copse and

fields of strong young corn, it over-leaps Figueira's white strip of huddled houses—so Oriental of suggestion, with their unbroken white walls and flat roofs—to greet the procession of long-drawn breakers that roll in endlessly over the perilous bar at the mouth of the river Mondego, throwing behind them streaming veils of spray even on a morning so breathlessly calm as this.

The voice of the Atlantic is never entirely silent. To-day it is hushed to a murmurous sigh, like the droning recital of an aged mariner telling of the storms that he has weathered; but last week it rose to organ pitch, and the universe seemed filled with the awful music, as the waves thundered in, lashed by the hurricane that howled and whistled and shrieked and moaned around the high-lying house in which I am a visitor, driving the rain in sudden squalls against the windows, and making night hideous with its suggestion of woe and disaster. But the tempest sank as suddenly as it came, and all again is calm and sunny stillness. The song of birds piping thin and sweet against a background of whispering ocean, the voice of the shepherd calling to his flock as they trespass on the young corn, the melancholy plaint of distant wagon wheels, all seem rather to accentuate than to disturb the sense of profound calm.

On a day like this it is very good to be alive, and when night falls and the maids come with their great baskets of orange and olive logs, and giant pine cones and vine stumps—than which no fuel ever burnt more fast or merrily—it is good, too, to sit with upturned skirt opposite the leaping, crackling blaze, and settle down to a comfortable fireside gossip. This is the only house for miles around with an English fire-

place. In Portugal generally provision for heating is only by means of the "brazelro" and its bed of glowing charcoal, which warms toes but not tops, and leaves you from the waist up an icicle, though from the waist down you may be a toast. Comfort, as we understand it, is considered superfluous, and many of those who shiver in misery throughout a winter longer than those who picture a south bathed in perpetual sunshine have any conception of, would shrink horrified from the bonfire in whose glorious warmth my aunt and I love to bask.

She is the prettiest of old ladies, this aunt of mine, with silver hair fine as spun glass, and cheeks of ivory flushed with softest rose, and her memory is stored with many a quaint picture of the past. It was her father who, imbued with a passion for all things English, after a quarter of a century spent under British rule, built this house with the aid of English architects and English importations of furniture and fittings. That was some sixty years ago, and the place, when finished, was looked upon by the whole country-side as the eighth wonder of the world. Not friends and neighbors alone came to gape and marvel; but strangers from far and near would arrive in wagons drawn by slow-pacing oxen, and prefer the request that they too might be allowed to inspect the Palaccio of Senhor Tomaz!

The rambling old house in those days was alive with youth and gaiety—today it is empty of all but Donna Emilia, her men and her maids and the stranger that is within her gates.

Of servants, by the way, a whole regiment may be had in this country for the wage of a good English cook. Her Portuguese sister (or brother) if "professed," can command as much as £12 per year; but the lady who presides over my aunt's kitchen, in addition to her culinary duties, cares for

pigs and ducks, fowls and turkeys, for £6 10s. Encarnacao is the veriest gypsy that ever knotted a Turkey-red kerchief about her head, kilted a short print skirt high on her hips, and, in obedience only to express command, thrust small bare feet, brown as if carved out of mahogany, into dilapidated carpet slippers. She is a true child of the East. She squats cross-legged when she peels her potatoes and shells her peas, she squats when she sells the superfluous products of the Quinta in the market-place, she squats when in industrious mood she works at the sewing-machine placed on a chair in front of her, she squats when in an idle mood she does nothing at all. But no! there I am wrong. It is then she lies full length on the stone floor, or, if she be feeling particularly sybaritic, on the kitchen table. Dyonisia, the *criada grace* or ladies' maid, who, gigantic of stature and innocent of stays, is cross between a grenadier and a wet nurse, gets a similar wage of £6 10s. But Eteivina, the small roundabout and phlegmatic Eteivina, who only rouses up when the conjunction of widowhood and pink silk bows presented by my aunt's garters offends her sense of decorum, she has to content herself with £5 5s.—a grievous difference though, Donna Emilia declares, from the days when she paid her *cordon bleu* £2 a year and her waiting women some 10s. more. Nevertheless, it was in those good old times that the great store of golden ornament was bought. Few and far between are the latter-day servants who can show a tithe of the treasure painfully scraped together by the domestics of a vanished generation. Conceicao, the "general" of my friend Donna Ricarda, is one of the old-fashioned waiting-women of whom some isolated instances may still be found in patriarchal Portuguese households. Distrustful of Government bonds and Savings Banks, they invest their

savings in pure gold with which to adorn themselves on high holidays and bonfire nights; while, at a time of emergency, any small sum may be realized by clipping off here the link of a chain, there the drop of an earring. Conceicaco, as she waits at table on the rare occasion of strangers being admitted to the family board, presents an appearance of quite barbaric magnificence. The band of her gay cotton skirt confines a sort of bed-jacket, her bare feet are only half concealed by heelless slippers, but her person is hung round with chains and necklaces of gold, while lockets and brooches, ear- and finger-rings innumerable, all of the same precious metal and artistically worked, are scattered about her ample form. The thrifty peasants, the very fish-girls, too, lowest of all in the social scale, who help to unload the cargoes of salted cod, are resplendent at all times with heavy gold earrings, while the poorest of the poor come forth at festas gleaming and glittering with the savings of years.

It was also on an annual wage of £2 that the long cloaks of good black cloth, costing some £3 to £4 each without, and £6 to £8 with capes, were required. These "capas" are seldom seen nowadays, and the kerchiefs of fine clear white muslin that accompanied them, and were so becoming to a former generation, have disappeared in their company. Shawls worn cornerwise and silken squares are their substitute; while for "full dress" trimmed blouses are the order of the day, where once the bed-jacket was universal. Among the wives and daughters of the clerks and petty shopkeepers, hats have almost succeeded in ousting the mantilla; but they are unworn still of the laboring classes, except for the ancient "pork-pie," whose use can claim the sanction of centuries. The Portuguese who is fortunate, or in these days of phylloxera and competition un-

fortunate, enough to possess a "Quinta" must be prepared to pay his feitor, or bailiff, if a capable man, 1s. 1d. a day in addition to giving him his food. He is engaged by the mouth. The head carter receives £12 a year, together with food and sleeping quarters. Under his care are the oxen, an important charge in a country where horses are never used for agricultural purposes. These two and the indoor servants expect their three meals a day, with wine and fish or meat at two of them, and have little to complain of in comparison with those that till the fields. This is mostly done by girls. But for them also times have changed. As many women at $3\frac{1}{4}$ d. per day as he cared to employ, my grandfather could always procure. Double this magnificent wage will hardly allure the labor necessary on his daughter's estate. Full 7d. a day (no food or other perquisite, however, and only day by day, bad weather forming a bar to employment), do these brown-skinned, black-haired, black-eyed damsels demand, though for that they toil from sunrise to sunset, whatever the season may be. Two hours' respite is allowed from the noon-tide heat between Low Sunday and the Feast of the Conception. During the remainder of the year half that time must suffice for dinner and siesta. For breakfast, half an hour earlier in the day is allotted. This meal, as well as the nominally more important one, usually consists of a handful of salted sardinhas and a bunch of broa (bread made from Indian corn), while a sort of nondescript soup forms the evening repast. Men, working under the same conditions, receive from 1s. a day in the summer to 1s. 3d. in the winter. The laundress, too, does not unduly swell the domestic budget. All starching and ironing is done at home. Up till quite lately, the individual who washes for us (she is sister to my aunt's lawyer, but that's a detail) received no

more than twelve hundred reis or 3s. 2d. monthly for scouring not only the linen of the master and the mistress and their visitors and of two men and three maid servants (white shirts are universally worn, never yet have I seen a colored one in Portugal), but the bed and table linen and the countless sacks used for the storage of Indian corn and beans. Soap is usually supplied by the employer; but this notwithstanding, the lady of the wash-tub (or rather of the sluggish stream with its flat stones so handy for pounding and macerating) has struck, with the result that she now gets 1,500 reis (some 6s. 6d) for the same amount of work. What is the world coming to?

This, by the way, is what all Figueira is asking itself to-day with reference to me! Yesterday I went for a walk, and all by myself. Lest this announcement should not create the sensation it is intended to evoke, let me hasten to add that it is only because I am an Englishwoman—and therefore, by inference, lost to all sense of decency—that I am permitted the privilege of unescorted promenade. Were I a native, I should be doomed to take the air in an hermetically sealed carriage attended by man and maid, if no more efficient duenna were forthcoming to keep an eye on me and my gray hairs, and woe to me if I extended my hand to male acquaintances, or let them pass on any but the "other side." Among my acquaintances is a gaunt and grizzled widow (she is the dressmaker, if you care to know) whose full half-century of years might be supposed to carry with them emancipation, but who screams with horror at the idea of being seen unchaperoned in the public street: "Why, naturally, it would be thought I had an assignation." And I know a girl whose distress is very real because her bosom friend has removed from next door to next street, and (owing to lack of foot-

men and ladies' maids in the attenuated households) the frequent pop-in visits in which their souls delighted have consequently become impossible.

My walk was down the deeply rutted lane that leads between "Quintas" to the little town of Figueira. It is a real "red lane," for its rich toned banks are ruddy in the afternoon sun, beneath their green cornices of thickly tangled scrub. Here and there they are tapestry with mesembryanthemum starred by flowers (for all the world like a certain kind of sea anemone) of pale bright citron or vivid magenta; here and there they are spiked by aloes wreathed round with clinging geranium whose scarlet blossoms gleam like spots of blood on the great notched upright blades. Occasionally an olive or a eucalyptus, a stone pine or an "Incenso"—that wide-spreading tree with the polished foliage whose botanical name I do not know, but which owes its popular one to the exquisite fragrance of its thickly clustering small white blossom—affords a patch of welcome shade, but for the most part the sun beats down pitilessly on the wayfarer. These are but few and far between. One or two peasant wives trot by, returning on their donkeys to the Serra, that long-drawn range of low hills to the north, on whose crest a procession of tiny windmills, all busily engaged in grinding away at Indian corn, make quaint outlines against the sky. The women's faces are bound round with black cloths, surmounted by round turbans of black felt, sole survival of some long-forgotten costume; their bodies are muffled in black shawls. A couple of girls pass; their shawls are worn in the graceful fashion of the women of India, draped under the right arm and over the left shoulder. On their feet are the high-heeled tamancos (soles with toe caps), on their heads are poised enormous bilhas, of beautiful form and color, full of water, which is

thus transported to their homes from the often distant and always infrequent well, and the customary golden ornaments glitter in their small ears. In their regal carriage, in the bold, darkly flashing eyes, in the fine fashioning of hands and feet, in the strong white teeth that gleam in such contrast to swarthy skins, it is easy to recognize the daughters of the Moor. A peasant in velvet jacket and with sombrero shading a face hard-featured and side-whiskered as that of any Irishman (whose ethnological cousin he is indeed) ambles along on his shaggy pony, and Masaniello-like figures in Phrygian caps of black or red, short white linen breeches and scarlet woollen sashes, come and go, walking in front of teams of oxen harnessed to clumsy wagons and guiding them by the movement of long wands which I never see put to harsher use. Long before they creep into sight these wagons give notice of their approach by the screaming plaint which, issuing from unoiled wheels innocent of spokes and formed of solid discs of wood, is intended to keep that timid personage, the devil, at a respectful distance. A few miles further east in the neighborhood of Coimbra, when rain comes on, peasants may still be seen protecting themselves with curious cloaks of what is literally thatch, but these are not common here. With a comical feeling that is half guilt and half elation, I notice the gaze of surprise rest on my solitary self. These people know quite as well as I do that I am outraging the proprieties, but one and all pass with a courteous salutation "Boas tardes, Minha Senhora" ("Good afternoon, my lady"), and all look healthy and well fed, albeit on a wage of 7d. to 1s. 1d. a day. If men, as well as maids, lead a life that knoweth not the smallest amenities of an English laborer's existence, their wants are few. If the hours of work be long, the toll demanded is not too strenuous,

while opportunity for distraction and social intercourse is never lacking. Church holidays, with their finale of merry-making, are too numerous to be completely catalogued, and I will only name one or two of these festas, each of which has its appropriate procession. There is that of SS. Peter and Paul, at Buarcos, the village of fishermen and fisher wives, who parade a boat in the midst of the cortège. Then the Vigil of the Fifth Sunday in Lent, when, the procession taking place at night, Chinese lanterns of every fantastic form are swung by priests and worshippers alike. There is Good Friday, when, though this day can hardly come under the head of a festa, the sun and moon walk abroad among saints and prophets, and wooden clappers are substituted for the music prohibited by the Church. Religious duties performed, the rest of the day is devoted to amusement, and here dancing fills the principal rôle. The young people meet in each other's houses, or outside in the open spaces, but never in the taverns. Modern dances, such as the polka, are greatly in vogue. Waltzes (which can boast a longer pedigree than is generally supposed) are also much in favor, alternating with quaint country measures that necessitate much bending and swaying of the figure and much display of ankle. The guitar and the "viola"—a variety of the former—supply the music, which is marked by the strange haunting monotony and minor cadences that affect the hearer so powerfully in the song of the people. Cattle-fairs are also looked forward to as opportunity for friendly meeting and the exchange of local gossip. The most important business there transacted is the buying and selling of oxen and great is the ceremony preliminary to a purchase. First comes the ordinary examination of every part but the mouth, after which the price is agreed upon. Then only

the mouth of the beast is interviewed. Should his tongue prove to be white, a "pinto," or 2s., is struck off the price; should a tooth be found to be broken, a "moeda" (about 21s.) is deducted. The clenching of the bargain is done by the purchaser spitting into the mouth of the animal, and this is final. The "alborque" that has yet to follow is more of a complimentary than of a business nature. Being interpreted, it means "drinks all round," every one who has assisted in the performance sharing in the conviviality. First the buyer and then the seller pays for the "great bell," as the litre of wine, on these occasions only, is called, and all drink from the same cup. As wine at the present day costs no more than 2½d. the litre, the "great bell" does not unduly swell the price of the oxen, which for a fine pair runs to as much as £30 or £40. It is pleasant to know that even for a sum as considerable as this the most perfect reliance on the honesty of the purchaser is felt. Should he by any chance have come to market unprovided with money, his word, though he be a complete stranger, is sufficient guarantee and home he goes guiding his new acquisition by the movement, not by the touch, of his slender wand. Next fair day he never fails to return for the settling up.

Despite his fondness for festas and processions, the Portuguese peasant cannot be exactly described as religious. But superstitions he most undoubtedly is. Great is his dread of the evil eye, which he does his best to counteract by the hanging of ram's horns over his windmill and his lintel, on the door of the oven in which he bakes his bread, and in close proximity to his clock in order to mount guard over hands and pendulum; and he has no doubt at all as to the power of witches, whether to bring back the errant affections of his sweetheart, to reveal the whereabouts of his lost property, to

conduct his lawsuit to a desirable conclusion, or to foretell the winning number of a lottery. Every town and village has its witch, who contrives somehow to evade the hand of the law—whether with or without the connivance of the policeman, who stands as much in awe of the ladies of the broomstick as any other of his class—let us not ask too closely. Vows and pilgrimages are common. It is a frequent plea from the beggar at your door that he, too, has vowed a pilgrimage, and lacks the means to perform it, while another pretext for petition is found in the desire to contribute towards one of the festas of which mention has been made above.

Two days ago, as I paced the terrace in the late afternoon, the sound of a church bell, nine times tolled, broke the stillness. I was informed that it rang as an appeal for prayers on behalf of a peasant woman in labor, and that in order, according to popular belief, to be efficacious the cord was pulled by a young maiden named Maria. Yesterday, in the hour before dawn, the poor creature for whom our pity was thus entreated died. She lived in the tiny house across the way, and at sundown a little procession came to take the body to the cemetery. The cortège consisted of the priest and his acolytes, a guild of some sort in full black cloaks faced with scarlet, and last, not least, the coffin athwart a stout donkey. But no women were of the party. They had collected inside the hovel, from which there presently arose a pandemonium of shrieks and wailing. Not the relatives, these that raised the outcry, but friends and neighbors who conscientiously discharged a social duty. I did not see, but I afterwards heard how they seized the corpse, disputing possession with the undertaker's men, and refusing, also in accordance with long-established usage, to suffer it to be placed in the shell. Etiquette at last

satisfied, the officials were allowed to do their duty and the procession got under way. It was then I saw the posse of females, as with outflung arms and every other dramatic expression of inconsolable affliction they stood without the door, custom forbidding their further escort, and sent ear-piercing yells after the corpse until a merciful turn of the road hid the coffin and its escort from their view.

Not many miles from here on the south side of the River Mondego, when a death has taken place and until the mourning comes home from dressmaker and tailor, the relatives of the deceased are only seen abroad enveloped, the men in voluminous black cloaks and hoods that almost entirely conceal the face, the women in black shawls worn so that nought but the eyes and the tip of the nose are visible. In still more remote parts it is even yet the custom for the men of the family to let the hair of head and face grow unclipped until the period of mourning be past, and less than thirty years ago it was no unusual thing when making a visit of condolence (which, by the way, had and still has to be paid before the funeral, and this takes place within twenty-four hours of death), to find the women squatting on the floor around the coffin, or rather the corpse, which lay in state prepared to receive visits and clad as in life, apparently! The handsome lace-trimmed robe that would strike the beholder with envy and admiration was in most cases but a sort of facade, the front parts only of skirt and bodice being utilized. The women, draped in garments of woe, their heads and shoulders wrapped in black shawls, would utter veritable howls as they rocked to and fro. No relatives, male or female, followed the body to the grave in those days, the theory being that members of the family were too much overcome with grief to be capable of any exertion. On the

same principle, friends would hasten to send in offerings of ready cooked food, in order to leave the bereaved to their legitimate business of lamentation.

And indeed I have no doubt that their grief was very real, for family affection is one of the most charming traits of the amiable Portuguese character. Superfluous relatives are cared for as a matter of course, and he who emigrates, hoping to pick up gold and silver in the Brazils or Africa, never fails to send a share of the harvest to the old folks at home. And while the Portuguese have nought but loving solicitude for their own kin, the stranger may go her way in unprotected solitude, throughout the length and breadth of the land, disapproved may be, but sure to meet with kindness and friendly helpfulness incredible. It is significant that though during the course of my hour's walk I do not come across a single representative of the leisured classes, neither do I encounter one of the genus tramp or beggar.

Presently I am reminded by finding myself close to a friend's house that I owe a call of congratulation, and I determine to discharge my debt then and there. *Donna Fulana* is at home. We all, by the by, from the moment of introduction, call each other by our Christian names alone (with the addition of "*Senhora Donna*," or occasionally, by way of variety, an "*Excelency*"), which has its awkward side, as you can never tell whether the *Donna Amelia* alluded to be the stately granddame of seventy or her granddaughter of seventeen, while it is equally possible that reference may be intended to the "*Queen*," the milliner, or the washerwoman. But this in parenthesis.

Donna Fulana being at home, there ensues a great unshuttering of the state apartment—the *Sala de Visita*—and I take my seat as modesty requires on one of the chairs that range them-

selves with such symmetric precision round the centre table. Presently, however, from some homelier room—where, if it be winter, the family will have gathered round the *brazero* and its heap of ash and ember—my hostess bustles in, and, after much insistence on her part, and corresponding depreciation on my own, I am forced to move to the place of honor, the thing placed square and uncompromising against the wall, which she calls a sofa, but which I call a cane settee. And then I turn to the daughter of the house, whose engagement has been recently announced. A fine, handsome girl this, I think, as I make my pretty speeches, but o'er young to marry yet. "Yes," sighs the mother, "I have told the young people they must wait another year or so. I do not approve of early marriages, and I shall not permit the wedding till Candida is seventeen." The bride to be had celebrated her fourteenth birthday the week before the proposal came. Judging by the mutinous expression of Candida's—I beg her pardon, of Senhora Donna Candida's—beautiful dark eyes, she has no intention of waiting two more years; but when, on my return to the house in which I am a visitor, I express my astonishment and almost indignation, I find that such early marriage, far from being an exception, is quite in the natural order of things Portuguese. Donna Felismena was a friend and contemporary of my aunt. One fine day—she was then fifteen and unpromised, as far as she knew—to her came her mother, bidding her prepare without delay to go to church, "for it is necessary that you make confession." At the altar her bridegroom awaited her, and the knot was tied without further ado. Her family were "Fidalgos," or long-pedigreed aristocrats. So, too, was that of a certain Donna Amelia Albuquerque, whom my aunt also knew. She also, at the ripe age of fifteen,

willingly engaged herself to a man whom she had never seen, the young folks meeting for the first time as she stepped from the boat that took her up the river to Coimbra, and from which she walked direct to church. It comes as a surprise to learn that both these marriages turned out well. Near Coimbra, in the Quinta das Lagrimas, once the home of the ill-fated Inez de Castro, whose blood is said to still stain the threshold, there lived, and not so very long ago, yet another girl friend of my aunt's who took her husband without any previous acquaintance. She not only acted of her own free will, but from punctilious courtesy (much admired at the time, I am told—I fear I should have found a different name for it) declined to receive his portrait beforehand "as he had had the delicacy not to ask for hers." My aunt's sister-in-law was married under similar conditions; indeed, such instances might have been multiplied a generation back. But now girls, even in Portugal, are growing sadly emancipated and independent, and though God knows it is little enough they ever see of their *fiances*, they do at least insist on an introduction!

How these people carry on their love-making is to me a mystery. The language of eye and fan and kerchief, a lingering under a balcony, or oft-repeated passing before a window, an occasional rencontre at the Casino or on the promenade, under the eye of all society—such is what passes for acquaintance adequate for marriage, while even after engagement the betrothed are never permitted a moment of unsupervised bliss.

It might be thought that private entertainments would afford opportunity for lads and lasses to form some opinion of each other's characters. Far from it. With all that the Portuguese has inherited from the East, ostentatious hospitality is not among it. But

If they cannot be said to keep open house, they are an extraordinarily kind folk, and several times it has been my good fortune to be included in a family festivity. What banquets graced the occasions! One celebrated the birthday of the only child of the house. It began at 6 P.M. (we assembled at four, by the way, and talked spasmodically of I should be puzzled to say what for the two preliminary hours), and some twelve courses appeared at long intervals, fish, as in Spain, making its bow between two meats, when I had long given up expectation of its coming. Twenty-four dishes of sweets crowned the feast, jellies, pastries, creams, and fruit galore, all under the general heading of dessert, being attacked simultaneously, besides huge quantities of the curious sweetmeats peculiar to the Peninsula, which are popped into the mouth at all and any stages of the meal, with no intermediary except fingers between dish and mouth. These sweetmeats are mostly of appalling richness, being composed of yolk of egg just sufficiently baked to congeal outside into the desired form, but all soft and semiliquid within, sweet to nauseousness, and usually destitute of any flavor but that antiquity may supply. Up to the moment of dessert we had drunk the light wine of the country, but now champagne made its appearance, and with it toasts begin. Twenty-two of them, as I am a living woman, followed by twenty-two solemn lifting of glasses and twenty-two returning of ceremonial thanks. At last, somewhere about 9 P.M., we were free to leave the room as we entered it, in a mob that knew not precedence, or even much distinction of sex. We came as we pleased, we sat as we pleased, we went as we pleased, and, as at table, the men—they were all in frock-coats, by-the-way—soon drifted together to talk wine and

politics over the coffee, the cigarettes, and the toothpicks. Meanwhile we women fell back on scandal, dress-makers, and servants; to the same accompaniment, minus the cigarettes. They are magnificent housekeepers, these ladies in the high dark gowns and superb diamonds, and the work of their needles strikes me with ever fresh amazement. The sexes did not mix—it is true that I, as the stranger, was placed at table between my host and a man who, though cunning in languages, seemed to regard my expectation of being entertained as unwarrantable presumption on the part of mere woman, while the other ladies preserved a discreet silence—the sexes did not mix till the lotto-tables were brought out, and the usual resource of home gatherings began. It was then we roused up, and animation reigned. With counters at $\frac{1}{4}d.$ a dozen, it was quite possible to win as much as 3d. in the course of a game, so, gray-haired as many of us and millionaires as some of us were (in pounds sterling, *bien entendu*, not merely in reis, which is a simple matter even to the humblest tourist in this quaintly financed country, where a day's hotel bill runs easily into tens of thousands), the scene soon became suggestive of Bedlam let loose. We screamed, we shouted with excitement, each trying generally to out-yell his neighbors. We clasped our hands in suspense, we wrung them in despair when we lost, we flung out our arms in triumph when we won, or worked them like the sails of a windmill in our frenzies of delight!

And so passed a couple of hours. It was 11.30 when the footmen entered with huge trays of green tea, of cake, and of what, by courtesy, is called buttered toast, and the tables were stripped of cards and counters to support the good cheer. At midnight carriages were announced (your true Portuguese will never walk a step, even

into the next street, if, not owning a carriage, he can by any possibility beg, borrow, or—a last, a very last, resource—hire one), and we separated, I to the last reiterating thanks for the real honor that had been done me by welcome into what is a man's castle in much more literal sense in Portugal than in England.

The Cornhill Magazine.

If fair *Lusitania* be in many ways an anachronism, if her government be a crying scandal, the officialdom that sucks her blood be a mass of corruption from highest to lowest, nowhere is more amazing generosity, more delicate courtesy, more spontaneous kindness to be found than among the individual Portuguese.

Constance Leigh Clare.

THE RETURN OF THE EMIGRANT.

XIII.

AN ADVENTURE OF FAITH

Barabé's last winter in London was a winter of misfortunes in Boronach. Mr. Rory, away south at a Commission of Assembly, met with a severe accident, and was laid up for many months in the house of a relative. The autumn was wild and stormy, no one in Boronach remembering an autumn like it. Several small vessels were lost along the coast; and though some of the Achbreac men had boats and gear for herring-fishing, there was hardly a day in which they could venture on the sea. Between the gales came heavy rain, that beat the oats and barley down into the muddy soil, and left the new-mown hay lying in sodden heaps upon the fields—heaps that were scattered wildly when the next storm arose. The people went about with anxious faces, saving what they could, and in a few weeks were brought to see a still more serious cause for anxiety. When they began to dig up the potatoes from the sodden ground, they found them riddled with disease, the greater part of them quite rotten and useless. This was calamity indeed. Not for more than half a century had such a set of circumstances conspired against them. The winter that began so gloomily was like to have a sad ending. When the rent time came on there were a good many people in ar-

rears, and Mr. Campbell was not very patient, for the estate was not paying well in these days, and Sir David had heavy losses in various directions. A good many beasts were sold to make up the money, and as the winter went on there were few families in the district who were not deep in debt to Sandy Morrison, the merchant.

Colin Stewart had his own share of the year's difficulties, yet by selling off his sheep he hoped to get through the winter without touching Mr. Corbett's legacy. He was loath to spend a penny of it, though it greatly relieved him of anxiety to feel that it was there. Few Boronach people had such backing. There was a great deal of pride and independence among them in these days,—much more than there came to be later, when poor relief became more commonly accepted,—and for a long time they struggled on without complaint, keeping a brave face to the world, and looking as respectable when they turned out to church on Sabbaths to hear "the Student" as though there were no want among them. Yet since so many were in the same case, the thing could not be long secret, and by February many were out on the shore in all weathers gathering whelks and other shell-fish, not only to sell to the vessels, that gave a small price for them, but also to bring home for food, where food was so scarce.

One afternoon, when the short day was growing dusky, and was the gloomier because of a steady downpour of rain, Colin was coming home wet and tired from looking after a sheep that had gone astray in the hills, and on the road above Carndhu he met a forlorn little couple. They were a boy and girl, the two youngest children of George Macrae from Carran,—a man who had the reputation of being somewhat lazy and "fashionless,"—and in the rain they looked more like little drowned rats than anything else. They were a couple Colin could never pass without a smile, they were so small and queer and comical—themselves as grave as judges always, and with a weighty look about them as though they discussed affairs of State when they were alone. On this occasion they seemed in distress—the boy, Simon, crying dolefully, his wet hair streaked over his nose. They appeared to have been gathering mussels, for the girl held some tucked up in her frock, and now and then one fell from her. The water dripped off them as they walked.

"What is the matter?" said Colin, stopping.

The boy ceased crying at once, and looked at Colin as though he had intruded unwarrantably on the sorrow of an independent gentleman.

"Simon's sick," said the girl.

Colin thought it no wonder, for, not to speak of the drenching rain, the day was bitter cold, and the children's feet were bare.

Simon regarded his sister with a look of infinite meaning, and then the memory of his woes triumphing over a proud reserve, he lifted up his voice once more and wailed. "I'm that hungry," he said.

Colin picked him up and carried him down to the house, the girl following, and setting them in front of the fire, gave them some food. They fell on it ravenously, and in the better light he

saw that they were famished-looking, their little queer faces pitifully thin.

"Have you any food at home?" Colin asked them, the doubt assailing him that the distress might be even beyond what one knew.

The two consulted each other with a glance. "There is a few potatoes," said the girl. "There is only a little meal in the chest."

Simon put his hands on his knees and shook his head: he was so wee that he was almost a baby, yet from his expression he might have been his own grandfather. "There is a lot of us," he said reflectively. "There is more than ten or six of us. The things has to last a long time."

"Were you eating the mussels?" the big lad asked them.

"We was wanting to eat them," said Simon; "but our hands was so cold we couldn't break them. We was taking them home to break."

Colin was anxious to come at the truth of the matter. Since he had £200 in the bank, he said to himself that he could not let a family starve for the price of a boll of meal.

"Can you not get meal from the merchant?" he asked; for, small as they were, the queer couple at the fire looked as though they knew a great deal. Again they appeared to take counsel silently.

"The merchant was giving us meal," said Simon. "We was bringing him sheep and he was giving us meal, but now the sheep is all done since a long time, and he is saying he will not give us any more."

"Have you sheep?" inquired the girl sharply. Her hair, like Simon's, was so fair as to be almost white, and her eyes were as black as sloes.

"Yes, I have sheep." Colin bit his lip to keep from laughing out at the look of the two.

Simon's gaze was roving round the room, over the grandmother dozing in

her chair to the big meal-chest and Colin's books on a shelf. He took up the mug that he had been drinking from and drained the last drops of milk from it. "Sheep," he said, setting it down with a sigh,—"sheep is a very good thing."

When the odd little beings were gone—trudging solemnly through the rain, the girl gripping the mussels in her frock, the boy feeling his pocket, into which he had stuffed the remains of his last bannock while his host was looking thoughtfully in another direction,—when they had disappeared in the gathering dusk, Colin Stewart began to think seriously what was likely to befall those people in Boronach and Achbrea and Carran who were in a less fortunate position than himself. If things were so bad already, what would they be before the summer? The pitiful, worn look of the two children came before his eyes the next morning when he met their father, George Macrae, himself very gaunt and famished-looking, and he made him, awkwardly enough, as kind an offer of help through the hardship of the time as one brother might make to another. George turned on him fiercely.

"Would you offer money to me," he cried, "and your own father and grandfather brought on us all the misfortune that has come to us? And I heard how you were questioning my children," he went on, like a man beside himself, "and I'll see them in their graves before you'll get another chance with them."

Colin's hot blood got up. He gave the man the retort he deserved, and turned on his heel. He would offer help no more where it was not wanted. Heaven knows, he was not so anxious to fling away the money that was to pave the way by which he might reach Barabel.

It might be three weeks afterwards that, as he was coming out from the

byre at night after feeding the beasts, he almost stumbled over a man. Lifting up the lantern in his hand, he saw it was George, haggard and white, with a terrible look on his face.

"Simon is dead," said he stupidly,—"little Simon."

Colin stood staring at him. From his look he was not sure that the man was in his right mind.

"The wife is at me for what I said to you when we were speaking last," he continued dully. "I told her at the time, and she said it was quite right, and now she is saying this is come on us for a judgment. He took a shiver of cold in the night, and he is dead, and I have not in the house what will buy a coffin for him."

The lad was shocked with the news. He would have George come into the house, but he would not come, but stood miserably up against the byre, talking away as if he must tell the whole thing, and did not care whether it was to Colin or another.

"I went for the doctor," he said, "and he was away, and the wife is saying what was wrong was that he had too little food, and she knows as well as me what he had; and I wrote my brother in Glasgow to send me help, and we thought we would do some way till it came, and he had what the rest had, but he was never so strong as the rest." The tears started to the man's eyes. "He was always asking if he could go to see Colin Stewart, and I would not allow him; and if I thought that was what was wrong with him, and that I would lose him, I would have come myself to ask bread for him." The tears rolled down the man's cheeks, and Colin set the lantern on the ground and looked away. "I thought more of him than of any of them," said the poor father brokenly. "He was that comical, one could not but like him."

Something queer in the lad's throat

surprised him. Little Simon had been very comical. He went into the house, and bringing out some money he had by him, placed it without a word in George's hand. "I will come with you about the coffin," he said, "and you can go on then to the merchant." The man thanked him. Between want and grief and his wife's foolish reproaches he was quite broken down.

That night something kept coming into Colin's mind that he could not altogether put away. It was the remembrance of that old boyish resolve of his to make it up to the Boronach people, if he ever had the chance, for the misfortunes his father and Mr. Alexander had brought on them. He tried to rid himself of the thought, but as often as he remembered the need of the place, he remembered that. A day or two after Simon's funeral he went to the merchant. Sandy Morrison was a very honest man, but very canny, his mother having been a Lowland woman. He could talk of nothing but the distress in the place, and no other man knew so much about it.

"I am just fairly at my wits' end," he said. "I could not tell you how many men I had here in this last week asking for meal that I could not give them. Man! what can I do? I am on the rocks myself. I would not like to name how much they are in my debt already."

"What can be done?" said Colin. "Are they to starve? Would you not speak to the factor, Mr. Morrison?"

The merchant gave a short laugh. "The factor?" he said. "Listen to me, Colin. Since we are on the subject,—and I know from George Macrae that you are taking to do with it yourself, according to your ability,—I'll just tell you what I did, and what the factor did, and what the people did, and you'll see if I have not my difficulties among them." He gave a little snort and pulled at his short stubby beard in a

way he had. "I'm at the end of my tether for giving credit, as I said, and I'll tell you this in passing: the neediest people just now are people that would not pay me a farthing once the need was over. I have reason to know that, and I have my own family to look to, and I must remember it. But what I was going to tell you was this. Three weeks ago a man came here from Achbrea asking credit for meal, and he told me a condition of things among the people there that was very bad. There was one family, and their cow died and they buried her, and after some days they were so hard put to, that they were digging up the carcase for food. Well, he asked me to write to the factor, and that he would go with the letter himself; and I wrote and told how matters were in as canny a way as I could, and in two days Mr. Campbell sent a man down to make inquiries—two men they were, young lads indeed. One was a new clerk he has, and the other, I couldn't say who he was. They came rattling through the village here in a dog-cart, and went straight on to Achbrea, and stopped at the first house they came to. 'I hear you are in a starving condition here,' says one, 'and I am sent to make a note of your means and the food you have in the house.' Man! if you will believe me, there was the greatest to-do of indignation. The family denied point-blank there was any distress, and though the messengers went from house to house, they got no admission of any such thing. Angus the Fool's brother told them to go back where they came from and not to come insulting a gentleman. There was no notion, you see, that the lads came from Mr. Campbell: they never mentioned any such thing, and away they went back as straight as they came and made their report to the factor. There was a pretty position for me!"

The merchant snorted again and

looked at Colin for sympathy. "Did I not tell you I had my difficulties?" he said. The lad admitted it. "Well," he went on, "that is not the end of them. Next day Mr. Campbell was passing through himself on his way to the Little Ferry, and he stopped the carriage at the door there and called me to come out. He was looking very *gruamach*,¹ and his eye was on me in a way I did not like. He is a fine old gentleman, and can be very kind when he is not crossed; but man! he can be ill-humored. I am sorry to see you taking up the trade of agitator," says he, in the voice he has when he is not pleased. "I have been at the pains to inquire into the statements you made in your letter to me, and I have it from the people themselves that there is no foundation for them." He called to the coachman to drive on, and there was I, left looking after him and no chance to say a word to put myself right, and I ask you, have I encouragement to meddle with the concerns of the Ach-brea people?" Colin thought he had not, and that the outlook was gloomy. "Oh, they were in a fine way," the merchant admitted, "when they found who had sent the lads with the notebook; and they were not very grateful to me either, and I told them plainly I would give no more credit. I couldn't do it in justice to my family. And the trouble is," said the honest, canny man, "that when Mr. Campbell takes up a position it is not you or I will drive him from it; and here am I under his displeasure, and I tell you, Colin, the people will be dying before he will believe now that there is distress. He is not anxious to believe it, and he will not believe it. And I think the death of that child in Carran is very suspicious already."

Colin asked if he thought Captain Mackenzie would not speak to him as well as give help himself. "Oh," said

¹ *Sullen.*

Sandy Morrison to that, "he will give help, no doubt, in a small way—a meal here and there to this family and that; but he will not do much, and he will not bring himself into opposition with Mr. Campbell."

"How is that?" said Colin doubtfully. "He is a gentleman of importance in the place, and they say he is kind-hearted."

The merchant leaned across the counter and spoke in a whisper, though there was no third person in the shop. "I will tell you that," he said mysteriously. "I have it on good authority that Captain Mackenzie is at a low ebb himself. These years have been terrible on sheep, and his lease is near out, and I believe he will give up the farm unless he can get it from Mr. Campbell at a lower rent."

He stepped back and surveyed the lad, as if to note the effect of his news; and indeed Colin was dismayed to see how every channel of help seemed to be stopped. Neither of them mentioned Sir David, for he had been so long absent that Mr. Campbell stood in his stead in the eyes of Boronach.

"Mr. Rory's away too," said the boy musingly.

"Yes, Mr. Rory's away too," repeated the merchant, "and that is a calamity." He laughed. "The Student's very eloquent," he said, "and the people are comparing him to Mr. Rory, I hear; but between yourself and myself, Colin, he's not much." Colin smiled. "I'll tell you a man that's doing more than any one for the present distress and making himself very bare over it," the garrulous Sandy continued, "and that is William. There is not a day passing that he is not here giving help to some one."

All through the conversation, which was mostly one-sided, there had been an undercurrent of thought going on in Colin's mind. He had been leaning on the counter, but now he straightened himself and looked at the merchant.

"Mr. Morrison," said he, "what sum of money would you say, roughly speaking, would tide over the worst of the distress?"

The other considered a while. "I would say," he announced slowly, after a little,—"I would say between two and three hundred pounds."

The lad turned and looked out at the door for about as long as one might count ten. "I have some money," he said then, in a firm voice, "about a hundred and eighty-five pounds clear, and I wish you to draw on me for that. Perhaps a way may be found of getting the rest."

The merchant was considerably taken aback. He knew of Mr. Corbett's will, but since that eccentric gentleman had discussed Colin and his affairs so fully over the place, it was also well known what use the lad was likely to make of the money. A new respect for him dawned upon Sandy Morrison, and he looked at him with a mingled expression of hesitation and admiration, noticing for the first time that he was different in some way from the other lads of the place, though he could not exactly tell where the difference came in. There was an air of cool judgment about him beyond his years, and the merchant took more note of that than of the strength and self-control expressed already in his face. For the rest, he was a big lad, very roughly clad; he wore no cap, and his brown hair had the gleam of red in it that had been a peculiarity of the Stewarts of Boronach for generations.

"Mr. Stewart," said the merchant, "that is a very handsome thought of yours, but I am bound to warn you that you will see very little of your money again. There are some who will not be able to repay it for years, at all events, and there are others that will not repay it whether they are able or not; and again there's others that will not thank you for it."

"I know," said Colin simply. "I considered the thing before I spoke of it. Will you send word at once to the families who have no credit?"

He took up the purchase he had made and left the shop, and Sandy Morrison stood staring at the open door through which he had gone. "Well, well," he said to himself, after a little. "Well—well—well!"

Colin went home that day not so light-hearted. He had made what Mr. Rory would call an *Adventure of Faith*, and that is not a light thing. He did not regret what he had done; he had felt himself under a special obligation to do it, and it seemed to him, with his simple standard of right, that if he had not done it, and the people in the distress they were in, he could not have held up his head among them with a clear conscience. Yet it had cost him something. He had set, in a manner, the unseen and eternal before the seen and the near, and that is no easy matter when the seen is so tangible and so dear as it was to Colin. Sitting that evening in the house with the grandmother, and seeing her in that strange half-dolted state she had now been in for some years, he saw himself at last as he really was—a very poor lad, with no expectations and no prospect of being able to leave Boronach for an indefinite time. With this he was conscious that he loved Barabel much more deeply and strongly than he had done before. In a few days he had grown much older. He felt that God had tested him. Since he had not failed, he felt too that the great Father in heaven would surely Himself look after him.

Perhaps in a dim way he realized that the gold that is not of His giving, though it be minted in the purest mint of earth, is but fairy gold after all, that will turn to a mere handful of dead leaves at the touch of His great realities.

Lydia Miller Mackay.

(To be continued.)

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH IN AMERICA.

A distinguished American professor, it is reported, was some time ago dining at the high table of an Oxford College when a dignitary of the Church of England engaged him in conversation. "I believe you are from America," said the clergyman to his neighbor, who admitted that he was. Presently he remarked, "You have no good wines in America." The professor acquiesced. "That is probably," continued the clergyman, "because you have no good judges of wine." "Hardly that," replied the professor; "I think it is because we have no Established Church."

The antique flavor contributed by the Church of England to the national life was doubtless especially appreciated by this particular professor inasmuch as his own studies had mainly lain in English literature and history. It might, of course, have been pointed out to him that many zealous reformers within that body are industriously attempting to make the old bottles capable of holding the new wine of twentieth-century democracy, but the Church with which his researches had made him best acquainted naturally suggested to his mind an ecclesiastical old port, not without a suspicion of cobwebs. But while America has no Establishment for the guardianship and perpetuation of anachronisms, she possesses in her own branch of the Anglican communion a wholesome conservative force, making for dignity and sobriety in things ecclesiastical and civil alike.

During the last few weeks the connection of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States with the beginnings of organized English-speaking society on the American Continent has been worthily commemorated. The

meeting of the General Convention at Richmond recalled the fact that the foundation at Jamestown, in the same State, of the first permanent English-speaking settlement was accompanied by the institution of the first Anglican Church. The convention has thus supplied the religious side of the tercentenary observances. It has been a reminder that the American people and the American Episcopal Church began their existence together. The day after the landing of the expedition of 1607 the Rev. Robert Hunt administered the Holy Communion to the united company, and within a short time there was erected the first Anglican church in America—a building of logs, with an old sail fastened at the corners to four trees for a roof, and a slab nailed to two trees for a pulpit and lectern. On the present occasion it has been remembered how influential a part the members of the Episcopal Church played in the development of the new society; how, for example, two-thirds of the signatories of the Declaration of Independence and three-fourths of the framers of the Constitution were Episcopaliana. A happy incident of the celebration has been the presentation by King Edward of a Bible for use in Bruton Church, to be placed on a lectern given by President Roosevelt. The visit of the Bishop of London, from whose diocese the founders of Jamestown sailed, has also revived the memory of the traditional ecclesiastical connection between the two countries.

To Englishmen this event is of more than antiquarian interest. Three hundred years ago Anglicanism in England and America was identical. If we note some of the differences that have been brought about in the intervening centuries we may gain light upon

problems that have for a long time caused much conflict of opinion in the mother country.

The first difference that strikes an English visitor to America to-day is that the Episcopal Church in that country has no longer a privileged position. She has no claim upon the spiritual allegiance of the head of the nation. In fact, during the last fifty years, the only period during which the White House was occupied by an Episcopalian was the Presidency of Mr. Chester Arthur from 1881 to 1885. To-day the chaplain of the Senate, Dr. Hale, is a Unitarian, and the chaplain of the House of Representatives, Dr. Couden, is a minister of the Universalist denomination. The Episcopal Church has not to wait for a *congé d'étre* from Washington for the appointment of her bishops, nor is there any Republican parallel to "Crown livings." There is nothing in America corresponding to the futility of a Convocation which must attend the good pleasure of Parliament for the revision of the Liturgy. Professor Hart, of Harvard, exactly describes the situation in America when he says, in his *Actual Government*, that "in the eyes of the federal government and of nearly all the state, territorial and local governments the churches are simply voluntary associations, on the same footing as social clubs." The First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, adopted in 1791, provides that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the exercise thereof." No restriction is imposed by the Federal power upon the authority of the State Governments in this respect, but most of the State Constitutions, especially those of most recent date, have followed the lead of the Federal Constitution. The nearest approach to anything like official support of the Churches is the general practice of re-

lieving religious bodies from taxation of their property.

American Episcopalians themselves make no complaint of their lack of the political privileges enjoyed by members of the same communion in England. They believe that the opportunity of self-government is worth the price they have to pay for it. One of the principles laid down at their first Convention in 1784 was that the Episcopal Church "hath, and ought to have, in common with all other religious societies, full and exclusive powers to regulate the concerns of its own communion." From this position they have never swerved. An outline of the system of administering the affairs of the Church will show how the principle of autonomy has been worked out in practice.

The Protestant Episcopal Church within the United States—excluding, that is to say, her missions abroad—consists of 7493 parishes. The parish in America is not a territorial area, but a body of church members. It is composed of the communicants on the roll of a particular church, together with those of its auxiliary chapels, if any. The parish elects its own rector, and appoints lay representatives to the diocesan convention.

The constitution and functions of the diocesan convention deserve special attention. There are sixty-four dioceses and twenty-four missionary districts, including the ten missionary districts in foreign countries and American colonies. A missionary district differs from a diocese in having not yet reached the stage of complete financial self-support: it naturally follows that some of the administrative powers which are locally exercised by a diocese are, in the case of a district, reserved to a higher authority. Each diocese holds an annual convention, meeting in most cases early in the summer. The convention is composed

of the clergy of the diocese with representative laity from the various parishes. The extent of this representation is determined by the convention itself. In the diocese of Pennsylvania, for example, one layman is sent from every parish, and in addition one layman for every hundred communicants in a parish beyond the first hundred. The meetings are usually held in a church building, but in New York of recent years the convention has assembled in a synod hall. The bishop presides, and opens with an address which gives statistics of confirmations, ordinations, &c., for the year. Reports are also presented by the officials of diocesan schools, hospitals, and other Church institutions, and in one of its sessions the assembly usually sits as a "board of missions." The diocesan convention possesses extensive powers of self-government, even to the election of its bishop (with certain limitations to be presently mentioned) and the trial of offending clergy, but it must not, of course, contravene in any way the constitution and canons of the general Church. Once in three years it has the duty of electing deputies to the General Convention. On such occasions it often discusses questions that are to come up for decision at the higher court, and, in the manner of political conventions, determines on which side its own delegates are to be "requested" to vote. Each year the diocesan convention elects four clergy and four laymen as a "standing committee" to act as its executive and as the bishop's advisory council until the next annual convention meets. This committee has several important functions, including the recommendation to the bishop of candidates for Holy Orders.

At this point a note may conveniently be made of the difference between American and English methods of administering cathedral affairs. In many dioceses the cathedral is scarcely more

than a magnified parish church, but it is becoming generally felt that a larger ideal should be kept in view. The constitution recently adopted for the cathedral about to be erected in Washington—the Bishop of London, it will be remembered, took part in the stone-laying service—illustrates the type of organization that is likely to prevail in the future. Its government will be vested in a chapter, to consist of the bishop and fourteen persons—seven clerical and seven lay—nominated by him. The clerical members of this chapter will constitute a "presbytery" for the exercise of priestly functions in connection with the cathedral. There will further be a cathedral council, or "greater chapter," which will practically be the diocesan convention on a reduced scale. The officers of the cathedral are to be the bishop, the dean (appointed by the diocesan convention), six canons (appointed by the chapter), the secretary and treasurer, and the finance committee. The bishop will have supreme control of the ritual and ordering of the cathedral services, and the delegation of any part of this power to the dean or to the presbytery is left for future consideration. It is unnecessary to point out how widely this scheme departs in some important particulars from the English usage.

After this outline of diocesan administration we are better able to understand the composition and functions of the supreme court of the Protestant Episcopal Church—the triennial General Convention. This is the assembly that has lately met at Richmond. It is composed of two houses, the House of Bishops and the House of Deputies. The House of Bishops consists of all diocesan and missionary bishops with their coadjutors. The House of Deputies consists of four laymen elected by each diocesan convention, and of one clerical and one lay delegate chosen by each missionary di-

trict. The practice of the American political conventions in electing "alternates" equal in number to the delegates proper is followed by the Episcopal church. The name of every delegate on the list is accompanied by that of an "alternate," who is authorized to take his place at the convention if he should be unable to attend or should be compelled to leave before the close of the sessions. When once the alternate has taken his seat, the delegate whom he supersedes is thereby disqualified for the rest of the convention; *e.g.*, if the delegate has attended on Monday and has given up his seat to his alternate on Tuesday, he may not himself return on Wednesday, but must allow his alternate to remain in the position surrendered to him. This system, which is, I believe, unknown in England, is found to work well. It minimizes the risk of a lower court being docked of part of its representation in the higher court by reason of illness or other inability on the part of its delegates. The House of Bishops holds its sessions with closed doors, and the only information supplied of its proceedings is in the form of the resolutions it sends to the other house for the consideration of that body. The House of Deputies meets in public, and its discussions are fully reported in the Church press. The sessions last for about three weeks. During one day, at least, the two houses sit together as a Board of Missions.

Of the functions of the General Convention all that need be said is that it has complete authority, without interference from any political assembly, to legislate for the whole of the Protestant Episcopal Church. There are, of course, embodied in its constitution certain requirements as to majorities &c., which provide against the adoption of important changes opposed by any considerable proportion of its

members, but, with this reasonable limitation, it is free to construct new canons and revise old ones. The concurrence of the two houses is necessary for the passing of any resolutions that are to have the force of law.

In dignity and importance these triennial Conventions have no parallel in any assemblies of the same communion in the mother country. The vast extent of territory represented is enough in itself to impress the imagination. Many of the delegates travel thousands of miles to be present. And the assembly which they help to constitute is not a fortuitous concourse of atoms like the English Church Congress, brought together of its own impulse to provide an opportunity for the ventilation of conflicting ecclesiastical opinion, nor is its authority restrained within the narrow bounds imposed upon the English Houses of Convocation and Houses of Laymen. It is a Representative Church Council, indeed, but a council with powers not merely of deliberation but of legislation. It is no wonder that membership of such a body is a coveted privilege, and that many Americans who have become prominent in national affairs are willing to make considerable sacrifices in order to carry out the duties it involves.

From questions of administration we may now turn to those of doctrine and worship. It was part of the original basis of the Protestant Episcopal Church "that the doctrines of the Gospel be maintained as now professed by the Church of England, and uniformity of worship continued as near as may be to the liturgy of the same Church." In spite of the identity of doctrinal formularies, the American branch of Anglicanism is scarcely as comprehensive, theologically, as the same communion in this country. It is true that some years ago the Episcopal Church provided a place of refuge for Professor C. A. Briggs when Presbyterianism

was found too strait for him, but it is hardly likely that the views which last year led to the conviction of Dr. Crapsey for teaching false doctrine would have made it impossible for him to continue his ministry if he had been a clergyman in England. Indeed, the counsel for the defence were able to quote prominent English dignitaries as having publicly taught doctrines indistinguishable from those which had given most offence in the case of Dr. Crapsey.

The Liturgy, too, in spite of its likeness to the Book of Common Prayer, offers some interesting points of difference. In the first place, the service is much shorter. The repetitions of the Lord's Prayer are cut out, and some of the canticles are abbreviated. The Athanasian Creed has no place in public worship. There are probably many devout members of the Episcopal Church who are not aware of its existence.¹ The prayers for King, Royal Family and Parliament are, of course, adapted to American conditions. Not the least significant changes are the alteration of the title of the Absolution in Morning and Evening Prayer from "The Absolution" to "The Declaration of Absolution," the provision of an alternative form of the same section taken from the Communion Office, and the removal of the indicative form of Absolution from the Office for the Visitation of the Sick. The Communion Office in the American Prayer-book is taken not from the English but from the Scottish Liturgy. This peculiarity is a reminiscence of an interesting historical association. When the Episcopal Church in America elected its first bishop, Samuel Seabury, the English bishops declared themselves unable to consecrate him. He according-

ingly turned to the Episcopal Church of Scotland, established by the Non-juring Bishops, and was consecrated by the Scottish Primus in the upper room of a house in Aberdeen. The day after the consecration, the Scottish bishops and Bishop Seabury agreed to certain articles to serve as a "bond of union between the Catholic remainder of the ancient Church of Scotland and the now rising Church in Connecticut." One of these articles expressed the desire that the Communion Office in America should be "conformable to the usual primitive doctrine and practise in that respect which is the pattern the Church of Scotland has copied after." This request was thereafter observed.

The problem of "Ritualistic excesses" gives little trouble to American bishops. Extreme observances are seldom practised save in some churches of the largest cities, and here the opportunity possessed by dissentient worshippers of finding in the immediate neighborhood services more to their mind is usually held to remove any cause of grievance. A few years ago a visiting clergyman from England complained to the bishop of the diocese that at a certain church in New York he found the sacrifice of the Mass, the burning of incense, and the elevation of the Host. He called attention to the fact that these practices were contrary to the teaching of the Church of England, from which the Protestant Episcopal Church claimed that she had not departed. The bishop, in his reply to the complainant, called him a lunatic, said that instructions had been given to the police to throw him and his associates into the street if any attempt were made at disturbance, and declared that the rector whose modes of worship were challenged was not following them without his (the bishop's) privity and knowledge. The tone of the letter was unfavorably commented

¹"The *Quicunque Vult* has never been a question in the American Church, much less is it an open question. It has never been recognized here in any form."—New York Churchman, 31st of August, 1867.

on in the press, but nothing further happened.

The High Church position in general has been adopted much less widely in America than in England. This has not been from the lack of diligent propaganda. Three present members of the American episcopate—Bishop Grafton of Fond du Lac (Wisconsin), Bishop Hall of Vermont, and Bishop Osborne of Springfield (Illinois)—were once Cowley Fathers, and they have naturally used their influence to spread the doctrines respecting the priesthood &c. held by that brotherhood. To adherents of this party it is gall and wormwood that the word "Protestant" should form part of the legal and official name of the Church to which they belong, and they evade its use as far as possible. The published journals of the diocesan convention of Springfield, for example, describe that assembly as "the Synod of the Holy Catholic Church in the Diocese of Springfield." These little eccentricities are regarded by most Americans with good-natured amusement. Neither have many people besides Bishop Grafton himself taken seriously his attempts of recent years to bring about union between the Protestant Episcopal Church and the scattered congregations of the Russian Church to be found in the United States. It is only a feeble imitation of certain abortive enterprises which periodically fascinate a small number of Anglicans on this side of the water, and the repetition of the experiment amid American conditions is of an even more visionary character. Somehow American soil is not favorable to the profession of High notions of "Churchmanship," except on the part of the Churches which, like the Roman Catholic, have accustomed the world by the tradition of centuries to their claims of sacerdotal privilege. Some American Episcopallans are wont to speak of other Protestant organizations as

"the sects," but as a rule these bodies are admitted to have a right to the name of "Churches." It is significant that the New York *Churchman*, the leading organ of the Protestant Episcopal Church, includes under the general heading of "American Church News" notes on Presbyterian and Methodist affairs as well as Episcopalian. And very practical relations of comity normally prevail. It caused no surprise in America that the Bishop of Rhode Island should appear on the platform of a Congregational Church in Providence one Sunday evening when the Rev. W. J. Dawson, an English Nonconformist minister, was holding an evangelistic service. In America, as in Australia, there are sparsely populated neighborhoods where the bishop, in visiting his own flock, has to borrow a non-Episcopalian meeting-house in which to gather them for his words of counsel or even for the performance of the rite of confirmation. In such conditions any attitude other than perfect equality and friendliness is obviously impossible. No doubt the claim of any religious organization to the exclusive possession of a deposit of Divine truth and authority is to be tested by other criteria than statistics, but at the same time it is less likely to be confidently advanced when it would involve the disparagement of an overwhelming majority of one's immediate neighbors.

In American usage the word "clergyman" is not restricted, as in England, to ministers of the Anglican Church. The newspapers commonly apply it to ministers of all denominations, not excepting Jewish rabbis. I have noted an instance in which the Bishop of Western Massachusetts, speaking to Congregationalists, referred to "clergy-men of your denomination." In the *personnel* of the clergy there is little difference to be observed between the Episcopal Church and the Presbyterian

or Congregationalist. There appear to be greater opportunities than in the Church of England for the admission to Holy Orders of candidates from various classes of society, and especially of men who have spent some time in business. A few years ago a New York hotel-keeper was admitted to deacon's orders in recognition of his services to a young men's brotherhood, and continued in the exercise of his previous calling. The contrast between English and American ways is perhaps seen most clearly in the case of the bishops. In America they are often, but by no means invariably, given the title of "Right Reverend," but elevation to the episcopate is not marked by any further discrimination from the other clergy, even in dress. I have before me a photographic group of some of the bishops attending the General Convention of 1904. Its general effect is rather less clerical than would be that of a similar group taken at a Wesleyan Methodist Conference in England. Several of them are in ordinary frock-coats, and not one of them is wearing gaiters. The portrait of the present Bishop Coadjutor of New York appearing in the *Living Church Annual* the year following his election showed a man whose attire was not in the slightest degree clerical, and whose complete freedom from any clericalism of aspect was accentuated by the adornment of a moustache. The story is told of a well-known American bishop that after a visit to England, where at every turn the unaccustomed address of "My Lord" sounded pleasantly in his ears, his return to American informality was brought sharply home to him on the quay at New York by the greeting, "Hullo, Bish! been to Europe?" As the American bishop has no state to keep up, his salary is correspondingly moderate. The Bishop of Chicago, for example, gets 1500*l.* a year, with an allowance of 200*l.* for pri-

vate secretary and travelling expenses. The salary of a missionary bishop is 600*l.*

Both the functions of an American bishop and the method of his election tend to explain his variation from the English type. He is not destined to occupy a seat in any House of Lords, so his appointment need not be influenced by such considerations as affect membership of the Upper House. In all the missionary bishoprics, and in some that are not so classified, there are needed the qualifications of an evangelist and a pioneer, with the readiness and ability to "rough it" upon occasion. In every instance business capacity is important, and the method of election is well adapted to secure the appointment of men who possess it. On the death of a diocesan bishop his successor is elected by a special convention of the diocese. The election is not complete until a candidate has secured a clear majority of both clerical and lay delegates, voting separately. The choice has to be confirmed later by a majority of all the dioceses, either when meeting in General Convention or acting through their standing committees, and then by a majority of the existing bishops. Appointments to missionary bishoprics are made by the House of Deputies at the General Convention on the nomination of the House of Bishops. The desire to obtain the right to elect its own head is naturally an incentive to a missionary district to endeavor to reach the independent status of a diocese. In America there are no suffragan bishops, but when a bishop's work becomes more than he can satisfactorily undertake, whether from the growth of his responsibilities or the failing of his strength, he receives the assistance of a coadjutor who is elected by the diocesan convention in the ordinary way, and who succeeds automatically to the chair of the diocese on the death or retirement of his su-

perior officer. Even while he is a coadjutor he occupies a seat in the House of Bishops. The senior member of the episcopate has the title of "Presiding Bishop." There are no archbishops.

A notable feature in episcopal elections is the frequent and rapid promotion of clergy who have entered the Protestant Episcopal Church from other communions. Bishop Huntington, who died in 1904 after exercising a powerful influence during a long episcopate, was born in 1819, was a Unitarian minister from 1842 to 1860, and was elected Bishop of Central New York in 1869. At a dinner held on the day of the new bishop's consecration, Bishop Eastburn, in proposing his health, claimed to do so as the only born Episcopalian among the seven bishops present. His hearers were startled, but his statement was found on examination to be quite correct. Bishop McLaren, who died in 1905, was born in 1831 and became a Presbyterian minister in 1860 after spending eight years in journalism. In 1871 he accepted the Anglican position, and the following year was ordained deacon and priest. Only three years later he was elected Bishop of Illinois. (The see was afterwards divided, when he became Bishop of Chicago.) His election was the more remarkable because the diocese was at that time in an especially critical condition, and unusual care was thought necessary in the choice of a suitable head. The present Bishop of Quincy was born in 1863, was a Methodist minister from 1883 to 1896, took orders in the Episcopal Church in 1897, and was consecrated bishop only six years later. There is a rector of a Maryland parish to-day who took orders at the age of thirty-six after a previous career spent partly in the Methodist ministry and partly in business. Ten years later he was elected to a bishopric, but declined to

accept office. A year after that he was elected to another bishopric and again declined.

There has lately been some searching of heart within the Episcopal Church herself as to her failure to reproduce in America the academic traditions of the Church of England. A clerical correspondent of the *New York Churchman*² recently went so far as to make the following confession:

We have almost no part at all in that wave of Christian scholarship which is one of the most encouraging signs of our time and country; and our touch upon the intellectual life of the most thoughtful among us is palpably less than that of the Presbyterians and the Congregationalists if not also less than that of the Baptists and the Unitarians.

... We have nothing which corresponds in its influence upon our university life, with the theological faculties at Yale and Princeton; we have no single isolated seminary which can compare with Andover and Union; nor do we probably at any single point exert that influence upon the nation's intellectual outlook which is done at Harvard by the divinity faculty of the Unitarians.

Although this lamentation appears to be justified in the main by facts, its pessimistic strain might be relieved by the observation of more encouraging features here and there. For example, the reputation that is being gained outside America by the theological writings of Dr. Du Bose, a professor in the University of the South, Sewanee, suggests that work of a high quality is being done in institutions that are not prominent in the public eye. The Episcopalian Colleges are rendering good service by their resistance to the chaotic innovations of the "elective system" which happens to be fashionable for the moment, and many of the Episcopalian secondary boarding-schools are supplying a type of education that is likely to be more and more

²3rd of March, 1906.

appreciated. As far as elementary teaching is concerned, the Episcopalians stand in line with the majority of other Americans in their attachment to the unsectarian "public school" system. When one hears of a "parochial school" in the United States, it is almost certain to be not Episcopalian but Roman Catholic. Episcopalians are usually opposed to any Government support for denominational schools. In addressing the Charitable Irish Society at Boston on the 18th of March last, Bishop Lawrence, the successor to Phillips Brooks in the headship of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Massachusetts, declared that both the freedom of the Church and the safety of the State demanded that no dollar should go from the State towards the support of any private or denominational school. He specially protested against the theory that denominational schools might receive help from the State as payment for the secular instruction given in such schools. "A few generations," he said, "of such partnership of Church and State would bring us to the bitterness and sufferings of France and England." Bishop Lawrence's position may be accepted as representative of the general opinion of his own communion. It is scarcely necessary to add that the attitude of the leaders of the Church of England on the education question is deplored by American Episcopalians. The comment of the New York *Churchman* on last year's Education Bill is worth noting:

It is regrettable that the irenic element in Mr. Birrell's bill has not been more generously recognized. In the heat of partisanship, Anglican bishops and the Church of England press have obscured the permanent lines of the policy of the Anglican communion as the great reconciling element in English-speaking Christianity. . . . It cannot be true, and it ought not to be assumed as true, that there is no com-

mon ground of dogmatic teaching between the members of the Anglican Communion and those organized bodies of Christians which are found all over Anglo-Saxon Christendom carrying out with unsurpassed energy and success the mission imposed by Christ on all the baptized members of His kingdom.

If the contribution made by the Episcopal Church to scholarship is disappointing to some of her members, the reason may partly be found in the severe demands made upon her resources by the task of evangelization in a new country. The officers of her army have been serving in the field, and have not had the leisure to prepare text-books of military science. Home missions have been carried on with notable zeal and enterprise. The large number of hospitals for the support of which the Episcopal Church is responsible is but one of many evidences of her generosity in social service. Good work has been done among the negroes of the South and the "poor whites" of the mountain regions. In the West, the apostolic labors of such men as Bishop Chase and Bishop Whipple have been continued by worthy successors. Just now, one of the most interesting missionary districts within American territory is Alaska, where Bishop Rowe and Archdeacon Stuck are engaged in an undertaking that will some day supply a new chapter to the story of the romance of missions. There has lately been a great accession of earnestness in foreign missionary effort, especially in China and Japan, with the result that a more rapid growth of membership has been reported abroad than at home.

Although the Protestant Episcopal Church has steadily increased in numbers, she long ago lost the predominant position she held in this respect in the earliest colonial days. The *World Almanac* for the present year publishes a table of American religious statistics prepared by Dr. H. K. Carroll, late spe-

cial agent of the United States Census office. Out of the total number of communicants of all Churches, which is returned as 31,148,445, the Protestant Episcopal Church is accredited with only 817,845. This figure is exceeded by the Disciples of Christ with 1,235,294, the Presbyterians with 1,723,871, the Lutherans with 1,841,346, the Baptists with 4,974,047, the Methodists with 6,429,815, and the Roman Catholics with 10,785,496. Next after the Episcopallans come the Congregationalists with 687,042. Immigration has, of course, largely contributed to the recent rapid increase of some of these Churches.

The consciousness of the small proportion of communicants that can be claimed by the Protestant Episcopal Church has tended to check the endeavor of some of her members to bring about the adoption of the name, "The American Church," in place of her present designation. The cooler-headed among her own adherents are well aware that the putting forward of what would be interpreted as the assumption to represent the whole American people on the religious side would be a serious mistake. It would provoke ridicule, if not resentment. At the same time, there can be no doubt that the Episcopal Church exerts an influence beyond the proportion of her numbers. She catches a sort of reflected glory from the traditions and prestige of the English Establishment. Her "stock" went up perceptibly three years ago when the visit of the Archbishop of Canterbury gave prominence to the exceptional status of the Episcopal Communion in England. The secular papers for some days devoted much space and many headlines to elaborate descriptions of his palaces and his state functions—with, of course, an admiring note of his salary—and were particularly impressed by the discovery that his rank was next only to that

of the Princes of the Blood Royal. All this could be observed to have a distinct effect upon American appreciation of the Church thus honored. Socially the Episcopal Church has always enjoyed great consideration in many parts of America in spite of the absence of any State connection. Mr. E. H. Abbott, in his *Religious Life in America*, quotes a Southern lady who defined her position by declaring that in doctrine she was a Presbyterian but socially she was an Episcopalian. The late Rev. Dr. G. C. Lorimer, a leading Baptist minister, once gave evidence of the existence of the same sentiment when he publicly criticized the tendency of New York families as they grew rich to become Episcopalian. It may perhaps be worth noting also that most of the fashionable weddings in New York are performed by Episcopal clergy. This social prestige is especially apparent in the large cities and in such sections of the South as were colonized at an early period of American history.

The appeal of the Episcopal Church is most strongly felt by those American Protestants who set a high value upon dignity and reverence in worship, and who prefer a tempered form of democracy in ecclesiastical government. When Bishop McLaren became a convert from Presbyterianism, he explained his change as follows in writing to a brother minister: "I am naturally of a very conservative disposition. I believe in a strong government for both the State and the Church. I am of the opinion that the perpetuity of our Republican form of Government is highly problematical unless a check be interposed to what I conceive is the ultrademocratic tendency of the American people." He had thus come to his conclusion, he said, after a two years' study of the question in the attempt to arrive at a clear conviction, on historical as well as scriptural grounds, as to

what form of Church government was safest and most effective.

It is believed by several prominent Episcopalians that their own Church possesses special advantages for promoting Christian union. It will be interesting to see whether Newman's early dream of a *via media* will obtain in America a fulfilment that was denied to it in England. As yet, the Episcopal Church of the United States can show no conspicuous success in serving as "a reconciling element" in the religious divisions of the time. But the belief that she is called to this task is likely to have an important effect upon her relations to the Church of England. Her leaders are making it clear that they can respond to no invitations from this side of the Atlantic to any type of closer co-operation that would tend to the hardening of Anglicanism throughout the world into an exclusive and self-sufficient sect. In discussing the official programme of next year's Lambeth Conference the *New York Churchman*¹ plainly declares that "American Churchmen desire the closest possible fellowship with their brethren in the English Church and in the Colonies for every reason, but chiefly in order to make greater their combined influence in bringing about a closer fellowship with Christians everywhere." The same journal is equally insistent upon the retention by the Protestant Episcopal Church of its complete autonomy, and upon the necessity of its avoiding "any step looking toward organic unity with a State Church" if it is "to make its full contribution to the unity of the Body of Christ." It shows, by reference to the action of the General Convention of 1898 upon the suggestion of

the last Lambeth Conference for the establishment of a central consultative body, that American Episcopalians are not in the least inclined to accept a position of subordination, "however vague or slight," to the Church of England. The relation of the two Churches "is that of sisters in the Universal Church," and in any representative gatherings for which the Lambeth Conferences may prepare the way they must "stand on an absolutely equal footing." And their own history has left American Episcopalians without the faintest doubt as to the expediency of the absolute neutrality of the State in matters of religion. They received with blank amazement an opinion expressed by the Archbishop of Canterbury on his return from his visit to America at the time of the General Convention of 1904. "I should have liked to point out," he wrote to an English correspondent, "how intensely the experience, the conditions, and the admitted perils which appear in American and Colonial life to-day seem to me to justify us in the duty of cherishing for the common good the National Church of our land." Americans too, and particularly American Episcopalians, would very much like him to point this out. Such a conclusion is certainly directly opposite to their own convictions respecting the true relations of Church and State. The Archbishop promised at the time to "expand" before long his thought on the subject. As three years have since passed and no "expansion" or explanation has hitherto been offered, it may be supposed that the mood of indiscreet utterance has been succeeded by one of cautious reserve.

Herbert W. Horwill.

¹ *31st of August, 1907.*

The Nineteenth Century and After.

MIMMA BELLA: IN MEMORY OF A LITTLE LIFE.**I.**

Have dark Egyptians stolen thee away,
 Oh Baby, Baby, in whose cot we peer
 As down some empty gulf that opens sheer
 And fathomless, illumined by no ray?

 And wilt thou come, on some far distant day,
 With unknown face, and say, "Behold! I'm here,
 The child you lost"; while we in sudden fear,
 Dumb with great doubt, shall find no word to say?

 One darker than dark gipsy holds thee fast;
 One whose strong fingers none has forced apart
 Since first they closed on things that were too fair;

 Nor shall we see thee other than thou wast,
 But such as thou art printed in the heart,
 In changeless baby loveliness still there.

II.

Two springs she saw—two radiant Tuscan springs,
 What time the wild red tulips are afame
 In the new wheat, and wreaths of young vine frame
 The daffodils that every light breeze swings;

 And the anemones that April brings
 Make purple pools, as if Adonis came
 Just there to die; and Florence scrolls her name
 In every blossom Primavera flings.

 Now, when the scented iris, straight and tall,
 Shall hedge the garden gravel once again
 With pale blue flags, at May's exulting call,

 And when the amber roses, wet with rain,
 Shall tapestry the old gray villa wall,
 We, left alone, shall seek one bud in vain.

III

If we could know the silent shapes that pass
 Across our lives, we should perchance have seen
 God's Messenger with dusky pinions lean
 Above the cot, and scan as in the glass

Of some clear forest water, framed in grass,
The likeness of his own seraphic mien;
And heard the call, implacably serene,
Of Him who is, who will be, and who was.

Oh Azrael, why tookest thou the child
'Neath thy great wings, that lock as in a vice,
From all that is alive and warm and fond,

To where a rayless sun that never smiled
Looks down on his own face in the pale ice
Of vast and lifeless seas in the Beyond?

IV.

Oh, rosy as the lining of a shell
Were the wee hands that now are white as snows;
And like pink coral, with their elfin toes,
The feet that on life's brambles never fell.

And with its tiny smile, adorable
The mouth that never knew life's bitter woes;
And like the incurved petal of a rose
The little ear, now deaf in Death's strong spell.

Now, while the seasons in their order roll,
And sun and rain pour down from God's great dome,
And deathless stars shine nightly overhead,

Near other children, with her little doll,
She waits the wizard that will never come
To wake the sleep-struck playground of the dead.

V.

What wast thou, little baby, that art dead—
A one day's blossom that the hoar-frost nips?
A bee that's crushed, the first bright day it sips?
A small dropped gem that in the earth we tread?

Or cherub's smiling gold-encircled head,
That Death from out Life's painted missal rips?
Or murmured prayer that barely reached the lips?
Or sonnet's fair first line—the rest unsaid?

Oh, 'tis not hard to find what thou wast like;
The world is full of fair unfinished things
That vanish like a dawn-admonished elf.

Life teems with opening forms for Death to strike;
The woods are full of unfledged broken wings;
Enough for us, thou wast thy baby self.

VI.

Oh, bless the law that veils the Future's face;
 For who could smile into a baby's eyes,
 Or bear the beauty of the evening skies,
 If he could see what cometh on apace?

The ticking of the death-watch would replace
 The baby's prattle for the over-wise;
 The breeze's murmur would become the cries
 Of stormy petrels where the breakers race.

We live as moves the walker in his sleep,
 Who walks because he sees not the abyss
 His feet are skirting as he goes his way:

If we could see the morrow from the steep
 Of our security, the soul would miss
 Its footing, and fall headlong from to-day.

VII.

Mantled in purple dusk, Imperial Death,
 Thy throne Time's mist, thy crown the clustered stars,
 Thy orb the world;—did Nature's countless wars
 Yield insufficient incense for thy breath?

Hadst not enough with all who troop beneath
 Thy inward-opening gates, whose shadowy bars
 Give back nor kings in their triumphal cars,
 Nor the worn throngs that old age hurrieth?

O sateless Death, most surely it was thou,
 (A thousand ages, yea, and longer still,
 Before the words were heard in Galilee)

That saidst with dark contraction of thy brow,
 As through all Nature ran an icy chill:
 "Now let the little children come to me."

VIII.

One day, I mind me, now that she is dead,
 When nothing warned us of the dark decree,
 I crooned, to lull her, in a minor key,
 Such fancies as first came into my head.

I crooned them low, beside her little bed;
 And the refrain was somehow "Come with me,
 And we will wander by the purple sea";
 I crooned it, and—God help me!—felt no dread.

O Purple Sea, beyond the stress of storms,
Where never ripple breaks upon the shore
Of Death's pale Isles of Twilight as they dream,

Give back, give back, O Sea of Nevermore,
The frailest of the unsubstantial forms
That leaves the shores that are for those that seem!

IX.

O brook that fell too soon into the sea,
That never mingled with the broader streams,
To roll through mighty cities, where the steams
Of vice and woe obscure the pageantry;

Nor passed where glorious summits, standing free,
Catch the full measure of the midday gleams;
Nor crossed the Gorges of the Evil Dreams,
And Valley of the Hopes that May not Be;

We went inside it for a little while,
Watching its play, the ripple of its smile,
Its bubble as it wandered on its way;

And lo, its course was run, and it was lost,
As quickly as an evanescent frost,
In Death's dim Ocean that before us lay.

X.

'Tis Christmas, and we gaze with downbent head
On something that the post has brought too late
To reach thee, Mimma, through the narrow gate,
From one that did not know that thou art dead;

A picture book, to play with on thy bed;
And we, who should have heard thee laugh and prate
So busily, sit here at war with Fate,
And turn the pages silently instead.

Oh, that I knew thee playing 'neath God's eyes,
With the small souls of all the dewy flowers
That strewed thy grave, and died at Autumn's breath;

Or with the phantom of the doll that lies
Beside thee for Eternity's long hours,
In the dim nursery that men call Death!

XI.

How patiently they did their work of old,
Those cowled illuminators of the cells,

Painting their vellum from the small ribbed shells
That held the mystic carmine and the gold;

Matching God's tints in every glowing fold,
In nimbus, wing and robe; and by their spells,
Seizing the living glory in the wells
Of some great sunrise that His hand had scrolled.

They made immortal cherubs that retain,
In spite of Time and his effacing trace,
Their pristine loveliness from age to age;

As Death, the cowled one, with his brush of pain,
Illuminates some lovely baby face,
In sunrise tints on Memory's missal page.

XII.

It is the season when the elves of Spring
Help up the first anemones that peep
Through the young corn, and rouse from out their sleep
The pale green hellebores for March to swing.

Before they bid the field narcissus fling
Its perfume on the furrows that they keep,
Or let the wild red tulip's flame upleap
In honor of great April's Fairy King.

O God, to think that in a spring or two
When she had learnt to run, we were to stroll
Among the fields where work the busy elves,

And see her pick the daffodils that strew
Each olive-planted terrace and sweet knoll,
And the wild tulips on the grassy shelves!

XIII.

Now Florence fills her lap with buds of May,
And all, with roses, be they rich or poor,
Stream through the great cathedral's brazen door,
To get them blessed upon the Roses' Day.

Roses and yet more roses, brought away
From hundreds of wild gardens, Spring's great store,
Are blessed; but, crushed on the cathedral floor,
Lies many a bud that caught the dawn's first ray.

And so we cried: "O Priest, a bud we'll bring
For thee to bless, fresh-sprinkled by the morn,
When myriad roses crown triumphant Spring.

Late to the breeze it came, through many a thorn,
On our gray villa wall; a frail sweet thing,
Of sun and rain, of smile and sorrow born."

XIV.

O pale pressed Rose-bud in the Book of Death,
Where thou outlastest many a perfect rose
That strews her petals at her full life's close
Beneath November's violating breath;

Too well thou hearest what the Spring wind saith
To the small buds of which the gods compose
Their fatal wreaths, and what May sings to those
That shall not hear what Autumn uttereth.

When Azraël turns slowly one by one
The leaves of his great Book, by pale gleam lit,
And sees thee whom he plucked by morn's bright sun.

Perhaps, O Rosebud, in that silent place,
A wistful smile, as of regret, may flit
O'er his inscrutable angelic face.

XV.

Do you remember how, with Fancy's hand,
We shaped her future as in living clay;
Modelled her life, and saw the child display
Each day fresh charm, and beauty's lines expand?

And how, before our love could understand
What Fate was working, lo, we found one day
The image finished as but God's hand may;
And it was Death's chill marble that we scann'd?

How well I see her on her cold white bed,
Between the branch of olive and the palm,
The little cross of pearls upon her breast;

And oh, the frozen beauty of the head,
The clear-cut lips, interminably calm,
The eye-lids sealed in pale seraphic rest!

XVI.

O little ship that passed us in the night,
What sunrise wast thou bound for, as we sailed
Our longer voyage in the wind that wailed,
Across dark waves, with few great stars in sight?

Or wast thou bound for where, in dim half light,
 The Isles that None Return From lie thick-veiled
 In their eternal mist; and shrunk and paled,
 The sun of Ghostland shines from changeless height?

We had but time to hail and ask her name.
 It sounded faint, like "Persis," and we heard
 "God's haven" as the port from which she came;

Bound for . . . But in the sobbing of the wind,
 And clash of waves, we failed to catch the word,
 And she was gone; and we were left behind.

XVII.

Do you recall the scents, the insect whirr,
 Where we had laid her in the chestnut shade?
 How discs of sunlight through the bright leaves played
 Upon the grass, as we bent over her?

How roving breezes made the bracken stir
 Beside her, while the bumble-bee, arrayed
 In brown and gold, hummed round her, and the glade
 Was strewn with last year's chestnuts' prickly fur?

There in the forest's ripe and fragrant heat
 She lay and laughed, and kicked her wee bare feet,
 And stretched wee hands to grasp some woodland bell;

 And played her little games; and when we said
 "Cuckoo," would lift her frock, and hide her head,
 Which now, God knows, is hidden but too well.

XVIII.

Lo, through the open window of the room
 That was her nursery, a small bright spark
 Comes wandering in, as falls the summer dark,
 And with a measured flight explores the gloom,

As if it sought, among the things that loom
 Vague in the dusk, for some familiar mark,
 And like a light on some wee unseen bark,
 It tacks in search of who knows what or whom.

I know 'tis but a fire-fly; yet its flight
 So straight, so measured, round the empty bed,
 Might be a little soul's that night sets free;

And as it nears, I feel my heart grow tight
With something like a superstitious dread,
And watch it breathless, lest it should be she.

XIX.

What alchemy is thine, O little Child,
Transmuting all our thoughts, thou that art dead,
And making gold of all the dross of lead
That leaves the soul's pure crucible defiled;

A vaporous gold, which I would fain have piled
Upon my palette, and with light brush spread
On Death's dark background, that thy baby head
Might wear a nimbus where the angels smiled?

Thus had I given back what thou hast wrought
In my own soul, and placed thee high 'mong
The cherubs that are aureoled in glow;

Rimming thy brow with fine red gold of thought,
In such fair pictures as the English tongue
Shrines in its sanctuaries while ages flow.

XX.

What essences from Idumean palm,
What ambergris, what sacerdotal wine,
What Arab myrrh, what spikenard would be thine,
If I could swathe thy memory in such balm!

Oh, for wrecked gold, from depths for ever calm,
To fashion for thy name a fretted shrine;
Oh, for strange gems, still locked in virgin mine,
To stud the pyx, where thought would bring sweet psalm!

I have but this small rosary of rhyme,—
No rubies but heart's drops, no pearls but tears,
To lay upon the altar of thy name.

O Mimma Bella;—on the shrine that Time
Makes ever holier for the soul, while years
Obliterate the rolls of human fame.

Eugene Lee-Hamilton.

The Fortnightly Review.

AN ELEPHANT COMEDY.

We followed the baggage-coolie and his tiny bullock-cart along the narrow mountain-road where the close-planted para-trees clung tenaciously to the storm-washed slopes. My business lay with one of the superintendents of the large rubber-plantations at Newara, about fifty miles from Colombo.

I had left the crowded pilgrim-train at the siding, where the engine was still visible as it crawled round the bottle-shaped summit towards Kandy. The superintendent's bungalow overlooked the plantation and the company's vast jungle reserves—a densely wooded tract of country extending for several miles through valleys and roaring torrents. The coolie lines were in the valley below, a mere cluster of mud huts thatched with straw, and infested with yellow pariah dogs and squalling Tamil children.

I was met at the bungalow gate by Belton Dacey, the superintendent, and after the usual hospitable formalities was conducted over the estate to where a gang of laborers was at work clearing and burning off a patch of heavily timbered land.

While passing a thirty-acre field of newly planted trees we came upon a group of young para-plants uprooted and tossed aside as though a tornado had passed during the night.

Dacey turned to me almost apologetically. "We've been pestered by a rogue elephant the last week or so. I don't know why the brute chooses our plantation night after night, while others in the district remain untouched."

Lower down the valley, where the company had put in several thousand cocoa-nut trees, there was further evidence of the rogue's trunk and foot work. Many of the young palms had been twisted and wrenched to the

ground and their top stems scattered broadcast. The brute's footmarks were plainly visible in the soft sandy soil.

Following the spoor leisurely, we halted in a hollow half-concealed by a clump of silver oaks, and examined them more closely. A man's footprints joined the elephant's just here, then followed them for a short distance, and disappeared altogether. Sixteen years spent in Australia among the black police and aborigines had taught me something of the art of tracking. The dish-shaped elephant-spoor grew faint and was lost, as far as Dacey was concerned, the moment we crossed the first gravel ridge.

"What do you make of it?" he asked, halting suddenly.

"Seems to me as though the brute had been brought here by its native keeper," I answered. "The man's footprints disappear near the clump of silver oaks, which seems to indicate that he rode the animal here, and waited until it had trampled and uprooted things to his satisfaction. I might go further and say that the unwieldy creature was thrashed or goaded into doing the mischief."

The superintendent grew thoughtful for a moment; then his eyes glittered strangely, as though a sudden thought had fired his imagination. Returning to the bungalow, he summoned the head *kangani* hurriedly. A few moments later a grizzled giant of a man with black Tamil eyes and skin stood salaaming in the doorway.

"You did not tell me, *kangani*, that it is Musoora who drives his beast across our fields at night. Have you quarrelled with the man? He has no grievance against the company," said the superintendent sternly.

"I know nothing of the matter, du-

"rai," answered the *kangani* softly. "Mussoora is a drunkard and a bad man. I know not why he comes here with his animal. I have dug pits, but the beast passes them by. The pea-rifle my brother brought from India is not much good for stopping elephants, oh master!"

Belton dismissed him sharply and turned to me. "This fellow Mussoora and his elephant were employed on the estate until quite recently. He is a bad lot, and his animal is no better. Like most Tamils, he goes amok when the taste of whisky is in his mouth. He has been convicted three times for driving his beast over cultivated land. One night, about two years ago, he brought a couple of full-grown bull-tuskers up to an overseer's bungalow and drove them at it under the goad until they wrecked it fore and aft. If he visits the estate again," continued Dacey, "I'll send the police after him and destroy his elephant."

During the night I was awakened by the mournful barking of an elk as it wandered over the mountain-side. Later, my small fox terrier, which always accompanies me, scampered up and down the bungalow veranda as though in pursuit of several cats. Approaching the window, I perceived a score of black-faced monkeys peering down at the dog from the trellis-work overhead; they chattered and grimaced maliciously as it leaped and tried to gain the veranda rail.

"They come from the forest at night," explained my bedroom coolie, entering hastily. "They pick up scraps of bread and fruit, and they will not go away unless we reach them with a whip or shoot one of the mothers."

I was not in favor of shooting one of the mothers, especially the one that sat on the trellis-edge with the bald-faced, shiny-eyed baby in her arms.

"But the *siuna doral* must not encourage them," whispered the coolie,

"or they will come again and break the windows."

About midnight we were awakened by a terrific din from the coolie lines. It seemed as though an army of women and children were wailing and calling to each other from different parts of the estate. Above all was heard the insistent throbbing of a death tom-tom.

Passing round the veranda, I met Dacey on the steps, his face whiter than usual. "Some devil's work going on below," he said bitterly. "At day-break they will come up here, six hundred strong, and ask me to remove their lines to a more suitable site. A man or a woman falls sick suddenly, and they believe that the devil is in their huts. No amount of argument will convince them that dirt is the only visible devil. The lines have to be shifted and rebuilt on another site—at the company's cost of course," he added bitterly.

Dacey rarely interfered with the domestic troubles of his seven or eight hundred Tamils unless murder or violence justified his presence in the lines. The *kangani* or headman settled all disputes, and in the majority of cases he ruled justly and with a rod of iron.

The shouting continued below until the valley echoed with the screaming and wailing of Tamil children and women huddled together in groups near the factory door.

Dacey shrugged his shoulders and beckoned to me. "Come and see the fun; come and see the big black *kanganis* thrashing a mob of stampeding coolies. To-morrow, if my luck is out," he went on slowly, "there won't be a single Tamil laborer on the estate."

"Where will they go?"

"Anywhere. They'll disband and seek employment on other plantations."

"But your coolies are bound over to

serve the estate for a certain period. You can compel the bolters to return."

"Yes, if other planters were honest and advised me of their whereabouts. But the other planters are always in want of a few extra coolies, and the bolters are sheltered and set to work with the others."

Following the superintendent down the steep, boulder-strewn path, we arrived outside the lines, where two hundred Tamil girls and women lay crouching in the tall lemon-grass, spreading out their hands in the direction of the forest reserves.

The *kangani*, his eyes glinting savagely, strode from a mud-walled house, his big black fists clenched at his sides.

"Speak out, man!" thundered Dacey. "What has happened? Who drove these women from their huts?"

The *kangani* pointed to the jungle reserves, where several lanterns flared as though a host of coolies were beating the scrub in quest of a hidden foe.

"The elephant, oh master! It has taken my little son."

The *kangani's* head drooped slightly; his breath came in sharp expulsions. "My wife came to me a minute ago crying that the elephant had lifted the babe from beside her. It was dark, the fires were out, we could not see the black beast as it walked back to the forest. A curse on the marauder that enters the huts to steal our children!"

"You have not been drinking?" The superintendent eyed him frostily, his erect figure and flaming eyes. "Have you been smoking opium?"

The *kangani* shrugged his shoulders and indicated the crowd of women huddled together outside the lines. "Ask these people, oh master! It is the sick man and the cripple who take *am*."

The women now gathered around the superintendent, and each explained and

dilated upon the elephant's iniquitous act. It had trampled into their lines without warning; it had trodden on two pariah dogs that obstructed its entrance. Without warning or noise it had lifted the *kangani's* babe from the mat, and had vanished in the darkness. They were sorry their headman had lost his little son. The elephant would carry it to the river and drown it for certain.

The superintendent's face grew dark and perplexed as he listened to the chatter of the Tamil women. He had worked in Southern India for several years, and he knew the ways of drunken mahouts and trained elephants too well to discredit certain parts of the story.

We examined the *kangani's* house and the broken threshold where the huge beast had crushed and torn away the woodwork while effecting an entrance. In a far corner of the room lay a young Tamil woman, her small brown fingers dug into the earthen floor. Her face and shoulders were half-concealed by a scarlet *sarong*.

"She allows an elephant to steal my little son." The *kangani* spoke behind us, and his voice was full of bitterness and suppressed wrath. "She is no longer wife of mine. To-morrow I will thrash her before her people. The tom-toms shall follow her from the lines."

"You will quit my service, then," answered the superintendent coldly. "There will be no thrashing either, *kangani*."

The *kangani* lowered his head. "The *dorai* knows I loved my little son. This beast of Musoora has stolen my life."

The superintendent had given an order to a coolie some time before, and he now appeared carrying a heavy Mannlicher rifle on his shoulder. Dacey took it and walked from the lines past the sprawling Tamil women and gaping men.

A crowd of boys surrounded us as we moved towards the jungled slopes

near the eastern corner of the plantation. Dacey turned sharply and snapped out a word to them. In an instant they vanished back towards the buts.

Faint streaks of dawn appeared in the distant sky. Banks of white mist surged over the deep valley, and the down-dripping moisture fell like heavy rain upon our garments. Far away came the ugly yelp of a jackal, and the pariahs in the coolie lines answered in dismal chorus.

"An Australian black tracker would have picked up the spoor long ago," I began apologetically as the superintendent fretted in my wake, wolfing the end of his Burma cheroot.

"Go on," he said huskily. "Musoora has a hut on our boundary, also three wives, six children, and a rogue elephant. After I've disposed of his child-stealing beast I'll see whether his constitution is adaptable to a nice clean jail."

The day broke with startling suddenness. A belt of saffron spread like a fiery cloud across the naked east; the sun-illumined peaks seemed to flower and redden in the yellow flares of light. Groups of tiny black apes watched us from the high-stemmed silver oaks as we plunged across the gully into the scrub where the spoor showed in the creek slime. Behind us stalked the *kangani*, his sheeted garments drawn tightly about his face and head. Again we crossed the man's footprints that joined the elephant's higher up the gully. We were soon panting along the edge of the gravel range, and here the spoor disappeared mysteriously. The hard, stone-like surface of the ground refused to retain the slightest impression of man or beast's footprint.

"Let us go to his hut," said Dacey. "He will come home sooner or later."

The smoke of Musoora's household wound skyward in the clear morning air, and as we crossed the ridge over-

looking the valley we beheld a squat, mud-walled house half-concealed in a tangle of lianas and scrub.

Three women who had been cooking rice inside appeared suddenly at the door. A couple of yellow pariahs yelped savagely from the evil-looking interior. At that moment a terrific thrashing of brush-wood came up from the jungled hollow below; the rasping voice of a man broke the morning silence.

"*Tull, tull, thou!* Walk, beast, or the factory dogs will eat thy feet. Up, Binam, up!"

The head and tusks of a full-grown elephant appeared from the jungle-shadow; a moment afterwards beast and man swung into the open, glistening from head to heel with moisture from the overhanging forest. The man, turbaned like an Indian mahout, piled his thin iron goad on the head of his beast mercilessly. A sudden turn in the path brought him into line with the superintendent's rifle.

The elephant trumpeted hoarsely, then halted and remained stamping and rocking in front of us, its small intelligent eyes fixed on the immovable rifle-barrel.

The driver raised his head suddenly, and his jaw hung at sight of the angry superintendent standing in the path.

"Get down!" commanded Dacey sharply. "And if you address a single word to that—that *meegra* elephant, I'll shoot you without mercy, Musoora."

Musoora made no movement; his slack mouth expanded until the fat creases under his chin seemed to fold over his greasy vestments.

The *kangani*, standing behind, called out in a quivering voice, his left hand indicating something tucked away between the tusks and trunk of the stamping elephant, "My little son, oh master! Alive—by the gods! Let us talk reasonably with Musoora; no harm has yet been done."

At first glance it was almost impossible to see the dusky infant rolled away so cunningly in the folds of the great trunk. Musoora held his goad aloft half-threateningly, as though intending to drive his beast over us.

The superintendent's rifle came suddenly into line with the elephant's blinking eyes. "Deliver the child to its father, Musoora. We'll talk afterwards concerning the trampling down of No. 9 field. No monkey-tricks," he continued, "or I'll present you with a dead elephant in ten seconds."

"Shoot, *dorai!* shoot!" laughed Musoora from above. "Your bullet will not save the *kangani's* brat; the dying beast will crush it as it falls."

"There is something behind this foolery," said the superintendent sharply. "Speak out, Musoora. I will listen."

The mahout leaned from the beast's shoulder and pointed with his goad at the stiff-limbed *kangani* standing in our rear.

"That headman of thine, oh *dorai!* has swindled me out of fifty rupees. I have waited a year for the money—money for lifting timber from the old lines, money the company paid him for my work and the work of my elephant. Let him pay me now, or there will be no son to take over his debts when he is dead."

"It is a lie!" shouted the *kangani*. "It was thirty rupees—no more. The dog lies, oh master! He shall not threaten my son's life for money owing. It is against the law."

The superintendent's face grew dark as he glanced swiftly at the gesticulating headman. "I will give you both sixty seconds to make up your minds." He spoke slowly along the barrel of his rifle, his eyes fixed on the watchful mahout. "The three of you shall suffer—the elephant first. Now"—

It seemed as though the uneasy brute understood the superintendent's threat.

The great trunk swept up and down trumpeting shrilly, while its huge body rocked to and fro in fearful expectation.

"Shoot, oh master?" whispered the *kangani*. "Let my brat take its chance. I will not pay Musoora fifty rupees. The elephant will fall on its side, not head first. Believe me, *dorai*, it will fall on its side. Let the child!"

Something wet and dripping flashed out of the jungle. A scarlet *sarong* and a woman's burning eyes confronted us. It was the *kangani's* young wife, and her mouth was drawn, her cheeks sunken, as though the sharp misery she had endured had unhinged her mind. The mountain mists had matted the long black hair, and the wind had blown it mask-like about her low, broad forehead. She crouched forward under cover of the superintendent's rifle until she stood in front of the fear-stricken elephant.

"Back, Nourana!" screamed the *kangani*. "The beast will strike thee dead!"

Without turning or heeding his words, she gripped the near tusk with her left hand and smote the great blinking face above her.

"Thou beast! was there no other child but mine to steal? Was the trampled fruit of our garden not enough—the banyans and sweet herbs—that thou takest the blood of my heart, thou evil one?"

The elephant seemed to relax, and its trunk unfolded suddenly; the brown brat slipped from its resting-place into the woman's arms. Pushing it across her broad hips, she took a stick from the ground and again darted forward.

The elephant retreated, its small red eyes watching her anxiously. Her lithe body quivered as she smote it fiercely on the lip and trunk, stooping in her fury to belabor the flinching brute on its soft round toes.

"Remember, thou eater of swine, not

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to enter my house again. The taste of thee will be on my child until it dies. 'Beast!'

The elephant nosed the air in its pain, and, with a sudden heave and shake of the head, crashed into the jungle on our left. Musoora turned and shook his goad at the trembling *kangani* as the elephant bore him unwillingly from the scene.

"The affair is settled for the present," said the superintendent, shouldering his rifle. "I must admit," he added to me, "that the woman's promptness saved the situation. These Indian mahouts are deucedly awkward fellows to deal with."

Chambers's Journal.

The *kangani* hurried back to the lines, followed by the shrill-voiced Tamil woman carrying her child. We returned to the bungalow, feeling that our sleep had been unnecessarily disturbed.

A few weeks later I heard that the notorious Musoora had been arrested and put in jail. There were many charges against him, but the one preferred was for driving his animal full tilt at a motor-car on the outskirts of Colombo. East of Aden the inebriated chauffeur is never so dangerous as the drunken driver of an elephant.

Albert Dorrington.

AN AMERICAN STATESMAN.

There is usually something in the career of an American public man, some fighting elemental strain, some suggestion of unhampered spaciousness, that appeals to the convention-ridden Englishman. It may be merely that politics in America being more personal than with us—the politics of ambition as opposed to the politics of ideas—seem more immediately dramatic; or that in a land of ebullient publicity we see more of what is going on behind the scenes; or that the stage over there is really clearer, the career more fully open to talent, the locked doors and blind alleys fewer than amongst ourselves. We seem at any rate to be in closer touch with the actors and near spectators of their failures or successes; and we watch their progress with the certainty of finding, even amid the prosiest surroundings, a note of pronounced individuality in themselves and in their career. Mr. George Bruce Cortelyou, the Secretary of the Treasury, whose handling of the credit crisis in Wall Street has won for him the public and hearty thanks of the Presi-

dent and of the American people, abundantly satisfies this expectancy of freshness. His present position and the steps by which he has reached it, while in one sense unique, are in another so far typical of America as to be impossible outside of it. He is still only forty-five years old, and it is barely sixteen years since he entered the Government service in the extremely modest capacity of stenographer to the Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General. There are touches in his youth of that venturesome curiosity which seems to be one of nature's gifts to Americans. The son of a New York business man, he was educated in one of the local public schools, passing thence to a Normal School in Massachusetts. Instead of going to Harvard, he decided to study music. With music he combined shorthand writing and a course in the clinical schools at the New York Hospital. He became a first-rate stenographer, and held a variety of small political posts—political in the sense that he lost them when his party went out—as private secretary to some of the port

and post-office officials of New York, and for a while as assistant reporter to the Supreme Court of the State. It was in 1891 that he was appointed to a subordinate clerical post in the office of the Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General. This, too, was not a permanent post but a part, luckily for him an insignificant part, of the spoils that belonged to the victors. It was probably its insignificance that saved Mr. Cortelyou from following the rest of the Republican office-holders into exile when Mr. Cleveland came into power after the election of 1892.

That passion for self-improvement which is at the root of American strength led Mr. Cortelyou to spend his evenings studying law. He became a fully-qualified advocate, but it was chance and his proficiency in shorthand, and not his degree of Master of Laws, that first put him on the high road to distinction. Mr. Cleveland in 1895 found himself in need of a stenographer. The Postmaster-General had heard of Mr. Cortelyou, and at once recommended him. He was promptly transferred to the White House, the first Republican probably who ever found himself in the immediate official entourage of a Democratic President. Mr. Cleveland formed so high an opinion of his secretarial abilities that he recommended him to Mr. McKinley, who at once appointed him chief assistant to his private secretary. Ill-health compelled the private secretary's resignation in 1900, and Mr. Cortelyou stepped into his shoes. Thus it came about that a man who had never served any apprenticeship in "politics," who had never manipulated a machine or bossed a single electoral district, who possessed neither backing nor influence, and whose name was utterly unknown to the vast bulk of his countrymen, became secretary to the President. It is a post scarcely less exhausting and difficult than that of the Presidency itself.

Whoever holds it must be prepared to act as a buffer between the Chief Magistrate and the public. Nine times out of ten he is the President's *alter ego*. On his tact in handling every member of the multitudes who over-run the White House, senators, congressmen, office-seekers, journalists, and casual callers, depends to a very large degree the President's popularity. He has to direct a large clerical staff and a stupendous volume of routine business; to arrange all the details of the President's journeyings and engagements; to act not merely as his secretary but as his eyes and ears in all matters of political moment; to judge men quickly and accurately; to refuse requests and information without offending; to relieve the President of all possible burdens without seeming in the eyes of a suspicious democracy to be usurping his place or fencing the Chief Magistrate in a regal seclusion. An adequate discharge of all these duties would tax the patience of Job and the wisdom of Solomon. But the reward is great. A secretary with the right capacities becomes a sort of ninth member of the Cabinet, and is at all times far better placed than the official Ministers for influencing the Presidential mind. Throughout the great strain of the Spanish, Philippine, and Boxer wars, and especially during the racking week that followed the assassination of Mr. McKinley, Mr. Cortelyou showed himself a master of his calling. The White House under his administration became as well organized as the most efficient private business. He could work for twelve and fifteen hours a day for months on end; he was never hurried or excited; he met every emergency with a quick understanding, complete self-possession and a capacity for the common-sense decision that became with experience almost an instinct; his reticence, which Mr. Roosevelt has been known to compare with Moltke's, went

with so much candor and modesty that, though the last quality Americans like to find in their public men, it never brought him a moment's unpopularity; his unruffled competency, thoroughness, and discretion took on something of the unerringness of a humanized machine.

Mr. Roosevelt had the sense to ask Mr. Cortelyou to remain as his secretary, and Mr. Cortelyou, though not a man of private means, and bombarded by business offers worth from five to eight times as much as his niggardly official salary, had the character to consent. The inevitable promotion was not long delayed. The President created a new Government Department of Commerce and Labor, and appointed Mr. Cortelyou its chief, with a seat in the Cabinet. Though the youngest of the Government offices, there is none that exceeds it in the variety, interest, and importance of its work. A score of scattered bureaus were placed under its jurisdiction, reorganized and simplified. Everything that concerns labor interests throughout the world, lighthouses, coast survey, statistics of foreign and domestic commerce, inspection of merchant vessels and steam-boats, the control of immigration, the taking of the census, the supervision of fisheries, weights and measures, all come within its scope. And in addition, two new and vital bureaus were established, one for investigating all the corporations, except the railroads, engaged in inter-state or foreign commerce, and the other for gathering information for the expansion of manufacturers.

To the administration of this vast Department, with its ten thousand employees, and its yearly expenditure of two million pounds, Mr. Cortelyou brought the same organizing faculty and pertinent energy that had won him

the confidence of three such dissimilar men as Presidents Cleveland, McKinley, and Roosevelt. He laid the foundations firm and sure, weeded out "politics" and red tape, eliminated the duplication of labor among the old bureaus, and showed in his planning of the mechanism and policy of the new one that he possessed the rare faculty of initiative. Mr. Roosevelt, wisely or unwisely, took him away from his Department to make him the Republican campaign manager in the Presidential Election of 1904—a post that had hitherto been filled only by "practical" politicians. It was a one-sided contest, and needed, on the whole, comparatively little management; but Mr. Cortelyou had no difficulty in showing that executive talents, level-headedness, and tact were sufficient, even without an experience of the underworld of politics, to carry it through successfully. The President rewarded his lieutenant by making him Postmaster-General. Here, again, Mr. Cortelyou displayed his turn for rising with absolute adequacy to the requirements of whatever office he may happen to be holding. In March of the present year he was appointed Secretary of the Treasury. It is improbable that six months ago he knew anything about banking and finance. It is more than likely that by now his patient and systematic brain has mastered all the principles and most of the details. He has, at any rate, succeeded in passing a much-needed law, releasing the funds that the Tariff accumulates in the Treasury, and his handling of the Wall Street panic of last week showed decision and calmness. The clumsy currency system of the country may yet find in this quiet and concentrated man the agent of its wholesale reform. He is one of those Americans who make the business of Government seem almost ludicrously easy.

THE CENSORSHIP OF PLAYS.

The objections to the Dramatic Censorship are old, and have often been stated, but an unusually strong attack is being developed just now as the result of some recent judgments of the Censor. The Prime Minister has consented to receive a deputation on the subject this month, and the newspapers of Tuesday published a protest from seventy-one men of letters and playwrights, including Mr. Meredith, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Hardy, Mr. Barrie, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Wells, Mr. Gilbert Murray, and Mr. Joseph Conrad. A short time ago the Censor, Mr. Redford, refused a license to Mr. Garnett's play, *The Breaking Point*, and more recently still he rejected Mr. Granville Barker's play, *Waste*. In the latter case he has come into collision with the man who has done more than any other manager in our day to vitalize the British drama and create a school of acting. Englishmen had been gradually reconciling themselves to the belief that while a very few of their countrymen could act exceptionally well, the vast majority had not got it in them and could not be made to act in any circumstances, and that consequently the normal condition of even the best British theatrical companies must be a head with a very poor tail. Mr. Barker showed that our conception of the theatrical firmament was all wrong; that there were many unsuspected planets, and that untried persons could be turned into stars that would glow with a reasonable brilliance. This was a revelation. All that was wanted, it seemed, was brains to drill the actors, and Mr. Barker supplied the brains. The difference of opinion between Mr. Redford and Mr. Barker is therefore most inopportune and unfortunate, and every one who cares about the future of the British

drama must hope that it will not end Mr. Barker's work. The first thing to do is to inform ourselves on the influence and working of the Censorship. Does it perform a useful moral office? Is its influence helpful or injurious to the drama? Ought it to be abolished or modified? And if it were abolished, what could take its place?

The Censorship is purely political in origin. It is a power over the licensing of plays granted to an official of the Lord Chamberlain's Department, and it depends on two Acts, one dated 1737, and the other 1843, as we are reminded in an historical sketch of the Censorship by Mr. Philip Carr in the *Manchester Guardian*. The second Act makes the first more workable by giving the Censor the means of enforcing his will, which he had not before, and it establishes him as the direct licensing authority for London. Outside London the power of the Censor can be exercised only through the Magistrates who license the theatres. Sir Robert Walpole was the author of the first Act. He was displeased, and indeed scared, by the satires of Fielding and Gay, and he determined to stop further exposures of his corruption. The story is well known how he had a scurrilous play written specially for him, and showed extracts from it to a scandalized House of Commons, passing it off as Fielding's work. To-day, of course, the Censorship is chiefly exercised, not as a political, but as a moral purge. At least it is used with that intention, however questionable its ultimate effects may be. We ourselves cannot resist the conclusion that the Censorship has failed, and while it remains what it is must always fail, in its object. The Censor is an irresponsible of-

ficial, and the worthiness of his aims and the desirability of keeping the stage free from obscenity, which of course we admit to the full, cannot disguise the injurious nature of such irresponsibility. From the Censor's decision there is no appeal. It is an impertinence in the victim even to ask for reasons. Into one man's hands is delivered a secret and arbitrary power. Such a censorship is almost certain to become mechanical. We have heard that when a rigid censorship on political and religious writings existed in Italy under King Ferdinand II. (Bomba) of Naples, the Custom House officials charged with the duty of confiscating at the ports books on the Index acted on the following simple plan. They dipped into the books at random, and if they found the name of God, the Virgin Mary, or the Devil, they seized and burnt them as heretical. Books in specially fine bindings were, however, reserved for the Cardinals' library. That may be taken as the type of mechanical supervision; and we suspect that in the case of the British censorship of plays certain rules comparable to the Neapolitan ones have been applied—rules that were neither enlightened nor adaptable. We know that a vast number of British plays deal with breaches of the Seventh Commandment; that subject is obviously not ruled out; and the only conceivable conclusion is that the Censor does not object so long as conventional notions are not in the last resort outraged. In other words, a serious and candid play dealing with a painful subject with all the sincerity of a reflective and reforming writer may be rejected, while a frivolous and unpleasantly suggestive piece passes muster because, according to the rules, propriety is not renounced. Such a result does not make for morality, but for hypocrisy.

Another point is that the Censor's control is not exclusive of other direct-

ing forces. The police are able to interfere and stop a play even after it has received the Censor's sanction. It is well known that a play may be a very different thing when acted from what it promised to be when the Censor read it in his office. An emphasized word, a piece of "business," may turn innocence into deep offence and give a wholly vicious bias to a play. Our readers will probably be able to recall examples of plays in which the indecency could not in the nature of things have presented itself to the scrutiny of the Censor, who merely reads the dialogue without even demanding to see the stage directions. If it is necessary to name any more conditions which make the Censorship in its present form ineffectual, we might record the fact that plays written before Walpole's Act require no license—thus one might stage unchallenged the worst pieces of the Restoration—and the fact that no Scriptural character may be mentioned in a modern play. Let us consider what the second condition means. It means that the most devout representation of certain Christian episodes would be condemned by rule-of-thumb, while a blatant piece of levity that did not happen to come in contact with the same rules would gaily escape condemnation. Indeed, this very thing has happened. Mr. Redford sanctioned *L'Education du Prince*, or at all events a large part of it, while Mr. Laurence Housman's *Bethlehem* was refused a license, and the impressive and purifying *Everyman* could be performed in theatres only because it was written before Walpole's day.

All these considerations seem to us to make the case against the Censor conclusive. We ought to say, however, that the managers of theatres are mostly in favor of retaining the Censorship in its present form, their reason being, we suppose, that the approval of the Censor is a practical guarantee that no objection of any other kind (by the

police, for example) will be raised. It is a sort of insurance against financial risk. If the police entirely superseded the Censor, the managers might possibly have to abandon a play produced at great cost after the run had begun. But men of letters, and the intelligent public, cannot be expected to sympathize with such reasons for the retention of the Censorship, believing, as they do, that if frank and earnest work were not dismissed by the Censor's mechanical rules, the theatre would attract persons of greater intellectual weight, and would thus profit morally in the long run. We must not be didactic as to the solution. Although we hold that the Censorship has failed, we have no desire to say offhand what ought to take its place. The one thing certain is that, whether by police supervision, or the operation of public opinion, or a revised system of licensing, the stage ought to be kept free from wanton offence. We incline to the

opinion that licenses for a definite period might be granted to tried and reputable managers, and that within that period they should be free to produce what they liked. Of course this would be done on the understanding that the license might not be renewed if propriety were in any deliberate sense outraged. The objection to police supervision as an exclusive deterrent is that it would be dilatory; a play might often have run for some time before intervention was decided on. Public opinion would be slower still in getting to work, though it is nearly always sound when formed. The onus of suggesting new safeguards is perhaps on those who ask for the removal of the old ones. But we hope that before very long the disaffected authors will at last establish the point that the office of the Examiner of Plays in the Lord Chamberlain's Department is obsolete, ineffectual, and unjust, and ought to be abolished.

The Spectator.

ON PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

Mr. Balfour appears to have told the students of the Philomathic Society at Edinburgh that "the art of public speaking was but the art of public conversation raised to a higher level." This reminds us of Bright's saying that the best House of Commons speaking was "pointed and eloquent conversation." And so it is, for ordinary occasions, and for the transaction of business. But this "public conversation" is not oratory: it is debating—a very different thing. Mr. Balfour naturally praises the conversational style, in which he excels all his contemporaries. Twenty years ago Mr. Balfour was the most hesitating and awkward speaker on either of the front benches in the House of Commons. By daily and nightly practise, at the expense of his

audience, he has made himself the most dexterous debater of the age. We do not disparage the qualities required for the attainment of this art. Perfect command of temper, unsleeping vigilance, a sense of humor, the habit of remembering points advanced by an adversary and instantly framing a reply, however bad, these are the requisites of a debater; and though they are not mental qualities of the highest order, they can only be acquired by courage, and they are indispensable to the leader of a popular assembly. Mr. Balfour has wisely never attempted oratory, which is to debating what a picture is to a cartoon, prose to a leading article, or poetry to vers de société. Indeed the combination of the power of oratory and the power

of debating is very rarely found in the same speakers. Burke and Bright, the greatest orators of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries respectively, were no debaters. Of Pitt, Fox and Sheridan we know too little to say; if we were to judge by the valueless reports of their speeches, they were neither orators nor debaters. Brougham possessed in a high degree the art of weaving extemporeaneous replies to previous speakers into a carefully prepared speech, as did Disraeli. Only once or twice in the course of the terrible battle over the Corn Laws did Sir Robert Peel attempt the perilous flights of oratory, and then, according to his hostile but judicial critic, he was only partially successful. Lord Derby (the Prime Minister) was reckoned the first debater of his day in the House of Commons, and in the House of Lords he once or twice discovered the power of impassioned rhetoric. But unquestionably the speaker who combined in the most superb manner the handling of details, the answering of opponents, and close ratiocination with appeals to the passions or the ethical imagination of his audience, was Gladstone. That is why he was equally successful in the House of Commons and on the platform—another very rare combination. Mr. Baifour expressed the hope that none of the students would try to learn gestures or tones of voice, a needless exhortation in these inartistic days. We know that Wedderburn took lessons in elocution, to correct his Scotch accent, and we are told that Murray (Lord Mansfield) practised before a looking-glass. This devotion to "the tedious ways of art" is of the eighteenth century, and there is no fear of its reappearance in the twentieth century. Most speakers hang on to the lapels of their coat, or stick their thumbs into the armholes of their waistcoat, or thrust their hands into their pockets. Gladstone sometimes

employed the most picturesque and impressive gestures. We remember once seeing him turn round, in one of his Home Rule speeches, to warn his party that there was "danger in delay." He flung both his arms straight up in the air, and let his long, artistic hands droop, in the attitude of a denouncing prophet, or weird Sybil. Though it was mere rhetoric, and there was no danger, men held their breath. Gladstone was emphatically the last of the orators. Randolph Churchill reserved his more elaborate rhetorical efforts for the platform; in the House of Commons he, too, made himself a debater at the expense of his audience. At public meetings Churchill delivered written speeches with marvellous memory and vivacity, thus effectually concealing the preparation. But his defective education caused him just to miss the true oratorical note, which has been defined as something between poetry and prose, and better than either. There was a vigorous vulgarity about the Randolphian style which was anything but classical. The same remark applies to Mr. Chamberlain, who makes speeches bearing obvious marks of preparation. Mr. Chamberlain's speeches have all the charm of fluency and clearness, of great apparent ease; and there is a pleasant piquancy about them, a general impression of "scoring" all round, which excites admiration. But they are spoiled by bad quotations, by trite metaphors, and by hackneyed phrases. Commonplaceness of thought and expression removes them from the region of oratory. There was one speaker besides Gladstone who exhibited, too rarely, occasional flashes of oratory, Mr. David Plunket, now Lord Rathmore. He had a musical and flexible voice that could weep, laugh, or soothe at will, and when he did employ a metaphor it was a poetical one. Unfortunately, he very seldom made a speech, and appeal

content, as First Commissioner of Works, to supply dressing-rooms, where, as he said with a stutter, "politicians might be glad to change their coats." Mr. Joseph Cowen, the member for Newcastle, had oratory in him, but his Northumbrian burr was so strong that he was almost unintelligible to the House of Commons.

Surprise is often expressed that so many distinguished barristers are failures in the House of Commons. But it is natural enough. Successful lawyers are divided into those who address a Chancery judge and those who address a common jury. Neither mode of speech is a good training for addressing a cynical assemblage of men of the world like the normal House of Commons. Sir Horace Davey, Sir John Rigby, and Sir Frank Lockwood were literally contemptible in the House of Commons. Sir Robert Reid was never a popular or persuasive speaker, and is a far greater success on the wool-sack than on the Treasury bench. Sir Edward Clarke, though his reply to Gladstone on the Home Rule Bill is still referred to as a debating triumph, was never half so effective at S. Stephen's as at a meeting of working men or in court. There were however three lawyers who were conspicuously successful in the later Victorian Parliaments, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Henry Matthews (now Lord Llandaff), and Mr. J. P. B. Robertson, now a Lord of Appeal. Sir William Harcourt, though he had made a little fortune at the Parliamentary Bar in his earlier days, and though he had been Solicitor-General in 1869, had very little of the lawyer in his methods of thought and speech. He cannot be said to have been a great debater, as nearly all his speeches were delivered from manuscript; nor can he be classed among the orators, for he never essayed dangerous ascents to the mountain-tops of emotion. He was content to dwell in

the plain of argument, of sarcasm, and of personal banter, in which he was a past master. There was a peculiar and kindred fascination for the educated listener in the speeches of Mr. Henry Matthews and Mr. J. P. B. Robertson, at that time Home Secretary and Lord Advocate. Neither was an orator, nor even a debater—they did not speak often enough for that. But there was a fine edge of precision about the rhetorical style of both that cut like a razor through the verbiage and casuistry of a House of Commons debate, and entranced the auditor with an ear for language. They had the virtues without the vices of the legal mind. Of Mr. Asquith it is necessary to speak in the present tense. He has made himself in the last few years a first-rate debater, not quite the equal of Mr. Balfour; his touch is not so light, his fence not so nimble. Why do his speeches fall short of oratory? They are highly rhetorical, and on most occasions apparently prepared with care. It is not only in his public speaking that Mr. Asquith gives the impression of being corrupted by Capua, and of being "content to let occasion die." Possibly in the near future, under different conditions, Mr. Asquith may revive the obsolescent art of oratory. In the House of Lords Lord Rosebery is the only peer, besides Lord Robertson, who has the most glimmering notion that public speaking is an art at all. The level of speaking in the House of Lords has not been so low for a very long period. The Duke of Argyll was an orator; and Lord Salisbury's speeches, though jagged and inconsequent from want of preparation, and though delivered with exasperating hesitancy, had a literary crispness of their own. Lord Ripon, who nominally leads the Upper House, is practically inarticulate; while Lord Crewe, his first lieutenant, is probably the worst speaker that ever occupied a prominent

place in a deliberative assembly. It is really no great compliment to Lord Rosebery to say that when he rises the debate is transformed from drowsy feebleness into something like reality. Lord Rosebery is no debater, and he does not get sufficient practice to enable him to conceal altogether the appearance of artificiality, which Mr. Balfour thinks so fatal to effect; Lord Rosebery might be an orator, as he might be many other things, if he chose. It is not from want of writing his speeches that he fails, but from want of courage.

What is the explanation of the vulgar prejudice against prepared speeches? For Mr. Balfour was merely expressing a popular notion when he said that the signs of preparation were fatal to effect. No one who has ever studied a fine passage in one of the speeches of Grattan, or Burke, or Bright (whose every sentence was polished like the facet of a diamond), can imagine that the words welled up out of a well-filled mind, or that they were not carefully written out and committed to memory. Most men shrink from the drudgery of writing their speeches; many men are so afraid of their memory deserting them at a critical moment that they dare not attempt to remember the words, even if they have written their speech out. Lord Lyndhurst declared that he was not equal to the feat of following the thread of an argument on his legs, and at the same time of thinking about the words of a manuscript, though he admitted that Lord Brougham's method of writing was the better one. Bright used to write his great speeches out three or four times, without comparing them, so that if the words of one edition failed him he might trust to the occurrence of the

words of one of the other copies. Yet from time immemorial preparation has been a gibe against orators:

Pitt has no heart, men say, but I deny it;
He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it.

The root of the prejudice against preparation is, we think, the old puritanical idea that the speaker is a preacher, a man of God, inspired to deliver the words that are put into his mouth. Ever since Antony's speech in the forum, the popular orator always begins by assuring his listeners that he has no written speech to deliver. "I am a plain blunt man who speaks right on," &c. The ethical fallacy is obvious, for there is no reason why that which is meditated should be less sincere, less the offspring of conviction, than that which is spoken on the spur of the moment—quite the contrary. But the vulgar have an idea that, given enough time to prepare, anybody can make a good speech! Give a fool a year, and he will only produce a foolish speech. We cannot agree with Mr. Balfour that the best speeches are not those which read best. That is Lord Chesterfield's doctrine that the voice, the manner, the arrangement are more than the matter. But seeing that for one man who hears a speech a thousand read it, it is well worth while to make one's speech good reading, which can only be done by putting good matter into good words. The art of debating will probably be carried to still higher perfection as the time for discussion is more curtailed. But the art of oratory is doomed, for it is a tender and graceful plant, requiring leisurely cultivation and space in which to expand, and everything is now hurried and crowded.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Apropos of the Whittier centenary, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish a sketch of his life by Bliss Perry, together with twenty of his most characteristic poems, beginning with "The Barefoot Boy," and concluding with "At Last." Mr. Perry's sketch is sympathetic and wisely discriminating.

Anna Chapin Ray adds to her "Sidney Books" a third volume entitled "Day: Her Year in New York," in which Sidney Stayre and her younger sister Phyllis pass through new experiences in the city and in a summer home in the country. The story is brightly told, and its interest lies not only in its incident but in the development of character. Since Miss Alcott laid down her pen, there have been few better interpreters of girl character than Miss Ray. Little, Brown & Co.

"When America was New," by Tudor Jenks, is not at all a formal history, but a series of vivacious and interesting sketches of the life of the early colonists,—in Virginia, in New England and elsewhere; the conditions in which they lived, the occupations which busied them, the perils which beset them, the books which they read, the homes they lived in, in a word, the sort of men and women they were. For young readers especially, these vivid chapters furnish a valuable side light upon American history. T. Y. Crowell & Co.

"After Noontide" originally compiled by Mrs. Margaret Eliot White, and now printed in a new edition with a sketch of the compiler's life by her daughter, Eliza Orne White, is a volume of selections in prose and verse,

which set forth from various points of view, now grave and now light, the compensations and consolations of the later years of life. The selections are admirably chosen, and the little memoir sketches tenderly the outlines of a singularly serene and beautiful life which was never more attractive than in its closing years. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"The Gentlest Art" which gives its title to Mr. E. V. Lucas's delightful little volume (The Macmillan Company) is the art of letter-writing; and Mr. Lucas, with characteristic humor has gathered scores of illustrations of it from sources old and new and by writers well-known and little known. The letters are grouped in a whimsical fashion under such headings as "Children and Grandfathers," "The News Bearers," "The Familiar Manner," "The Grand Style," "Urbanity and Nonsense," etc. They give intimate glimpses of character, and exhibit many distinguished folk unbending in unconscious self-disclosures to their friends. Mr. Lucas does not obtrude comment; but his page-headings serve much the same purpose in little space. The book is unique and altogether charming.

Mr. Dion Clayton Calthorp's "The Dance of Love" resembles "The Cloister and the Hearth" in that its hero travels the roads of mediæval Europe, meeting many strange beings, the natural offspring of an unsettled time. It differs from Reade's great romance in having a fantastic hero intent upon finding a woman to love him, instead of a real lover striving to conquer success that he may lay it at the feet of his lady, but, poor creature although the hero is, he is the natural product of a time in which the imperfect Chris-

tian of to-day would have shone a saint with a halo could he have been transferred thither with his knowledge and his standards of personal conduct. The author has exaggerated nothing and he has adhered closely to his original conception of a pilgrim of love.

Henry Holt & Co.

The season has produced nothing more sumptuous or better adapted to holiday uses than the edition of "The Ingoldsby Legends" of which E. P. Dutton & Co. are the American publishers. It was the desire of the publishers, they state in a preliminary note, to make this something like an "Edition Définitive de Luxe" of this rollicking old classic. Certainly they have realized their ambition. The text has been carefully revised, and is exquisitely printed upon a large page, with ample margins. There are more than one hundred illustrations by Arthur Rackham. Of these, twenty-four are printed in colors, each being cut out and attached to a mount; and twelve of the full page line drawings are printed with tinted backgrounds. The other illustrations, from pen drawings, are scattered through the text. Mr. Rackham has entered fully into the spirit of the text and his drawings are full of fun and mirth, without any touch of exaggeration. Attention to every detail has made this a flawless product of the book making and illustrating art.

The several volumes of "The Modern Reader's Bible" twenty-one in all, edited by Professor Richard G. Moulton of the University of Chicago, have been brought within the compass of a single volume, and that a volume of clear typography and not unreasonable size or weight. In this form Professor Moulton's complete work will reach many readers who hitherto have possessed it only in scattered volumes,

read perhaps without much attention to their sequence and mutual relation. It is a great gain to have the separate volumes thus brought together; and to read them consecutively, free from arbitrary verse divisions, and with the literary form clearly shown, is to obtain a new and abiding impression of the literary wealth and beauty of the Hebrew and Christian scriptures. All of the original introductions and notes are retained and a general introduction has been added. Professor Moulton holds himself wisely aloof from theological discussions and differences; his work is with the Bible as literature, and he has done more than any modern scholar to quicken and guide an intelligent interest in it as such. The Macmillan Co.

In these days when magazines once fastidious print critical papers more nearly formless than a good newspaper report of a dog fight the very publication of such a volume as Mr. William Morton Payne's "The Greater English Poets of the Nineteenth Century" is a subject for devout thankfulness. Here are twelve essays, each on the work of a single poet, the critical matter alternating in the good old way, with citations from the author criticised, that the reader may judge for himself of the justice of the criticism, and here are not those catchwords of the criticaster which have done so much to make the younger generation averse to the very name of criticism. From Wordsworth's earliest to Mr. Swinburne's latest utterance is a long distance and to show that it has been covered by a regular progress is no small feat, for its effect is to exhibit Mr. Swinburne as a product of his time, and not the abnormal creature that he seemed to the multitude forty years ago. To examine his work for the sole purpose of defining and displaying its beauties is to confer a favor

on young readers taught by certain later verse writers that the only true poetry is that in which neither subject nor manner is beautiful. Mr. Payne's book will have a hearty welcome from all teachers and lovers of poetry.

Henry Holt & Co.

The gem theft story has for some time been cast aside in favor of the jewel theft story, which requires less, both of the imagination of the reader and of the genius to be attributed to the thieves. A great necklace, a thara, or even a huge brooch is not easily concealed, and a thief's eyes may see, and his fingers clutch it in an imperceptible fraction of time, but as everybody knows by this time the greatest danger to be feared with a gem or any small article is that the wearer's caution will attract attention to it, and so nobody can force himself to believe the gem theft story and it is unfashionable. Now, in "The Affair at Pine Court," Mr. Nelson Rust Gilbert has essayed it, without even a gem, and he has given it a setting in a frame of the highest civilization, afterwards reduced to barbarism by a means so simple and obvious that if thieves were half as clever as they can be made in a book it would have been tried long ago. For personages, he has created a little company of brave men and women, the latter with more brains than the former, a very good group of low rascals, and two foolish persons, one German and one Bostonian, and thereby, one suspects, he has revenged himself for having been compelled personally to endure some of those assumptions of superiority to which alas! both the Teuton and the Bostonian do somewhat incline. He has thus made a very good story of its species, and assists Octave Thanet in confuting the theory that originality has departed from American fiction. J. B. Lippincott Company.

The very maps of the Arctic regions summon the adventurous to adventures, with name after name recalling some fearless being who has dared pain, hunger, and still harder to endure, the ignominious, sordid privations springing from intense cold, and never is there a moment when the call is unheeded. Always, while the gradual sun makes flowers on the happy warm lands there are a few black dots crawling over the blank snows under the northern lights, all to leave one or two more names on that magic chart, and it has pleased Mr. W. J. Gordon to plan "Round about the North Pole" with a view to telling the story of some ten centuries of such travelling. Slight are the first records, leaving infinite space to be filled at will, but for four centuries they have needed no reinforcement. Beginning with those who sailed, unaware of what lay before them, dreaming of tropic isles lying beyond the ice and snow, it continues with those whose aim was purely patriotic, and later scientific, and was pursued in full consciousness of the besetting difficulties. Cabot, Thorn, Nai, Barents, Hudson, Baffin, Hinckoff, Phipps, Scoresby, Franklin, Payer, Chelyuskin, Collinson, Peary, each one seeming to have a more wonderful story to tell than his forerunner, the names follow along the pages. The plan of the book is to tell the story of each region in succession and it is not easy to choose which chapter is the most fascinating. Portraits and full page pictures to the number of four-score illustrate the book and as the greater number are taken from old "voyages" they have great interest of their own. Taken together, text and pictures, "Round about the North Pole" is the sort of book which transforms a generous boy into a youth hungry for achievement for its own sake, and renews the youth in an older man's veins. E. P. Dutton & Co.